

MODERN COMICS

JULY
No.87

10¢

QUALITY
COMIC
BOOKS
I.C.D.
7

BLACKHAWK

enters the den of

VORN,
the Aggressor!



[illegible]

MODERN COMICS

Blackhawk



The Blackhawks hem in an ambassador of evil! At the villainous Vorn's proudest moment, with victory in sight for his program of conquest and tyranny...

The greatest fighting force in history rises to block his path!

At Blackhawk Island...

CHUCK BAN MISSING! HE'S WAY OVER-
DUE! HE SLIPPED
ACROSS THE
BORDERS INTO
LOKARIA TO SEE WHAT
HAS HAPPENED SINCE
THE AGGRESSOR
TOOK OVER THE COUNTRY
... AND I HAVEN'T HEARD
FROM HIM SINCE!



And in Lokaria...

DO NOT MEDDLE, FOREIGNER!
THIS WOMAN IS AN ENEMY
OF OUR NEW GOVERNMENT!
SHE SPOKE IN CRITICISM OF
CHIEF DIRECTOR ZITU!

FROM WHAT I HEAR OF
HIM, HE DESERVES
CRITICISM!



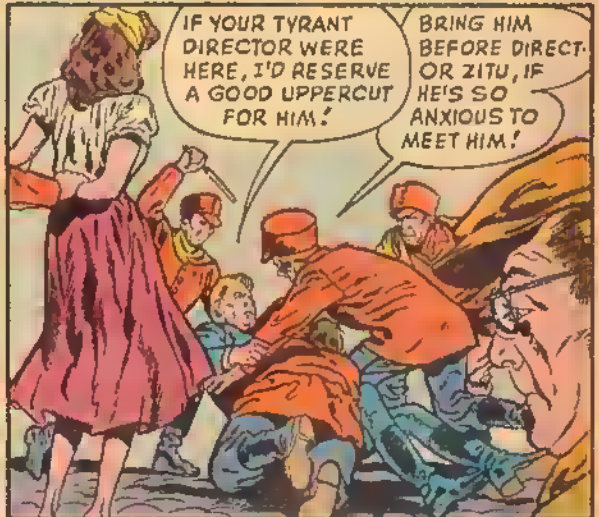
YOU INSULT
THE CHIEF
DIRECTOR,
TOO?
THEN...

HANDS OFF
ME...AND OFF
THE LADY.
TOO!



IF YOUR TYRANT
DIRECTOR WERE
HERE, I'D RESERVE
A GOOD UPPERCUT
FOR HIM!

BRING HIM
BEFORE DIRECT-
OR ZITU, IF
HE'S SO
ANXIOUS TO
MEET HIM!



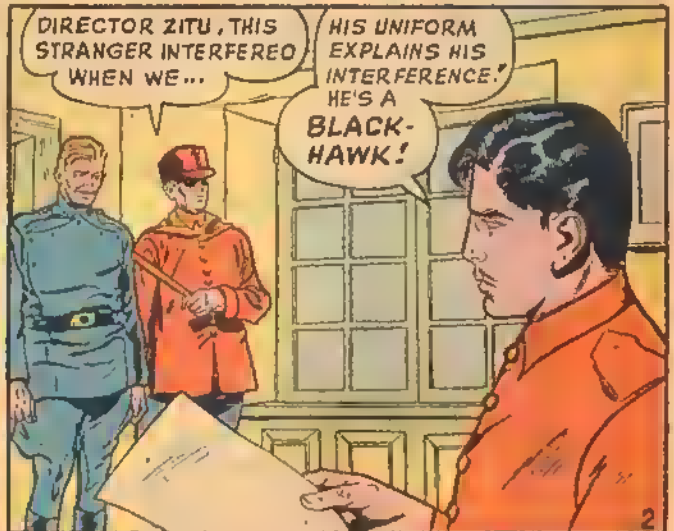
THANK YOU, BRAVE
STRANGER, FOR YOUR
EFFORTS IN MY BEHALF!
I AM DISTRESSED THAT
YOU ARE IN THIS PLIGHT
BECAUSE OF ME!

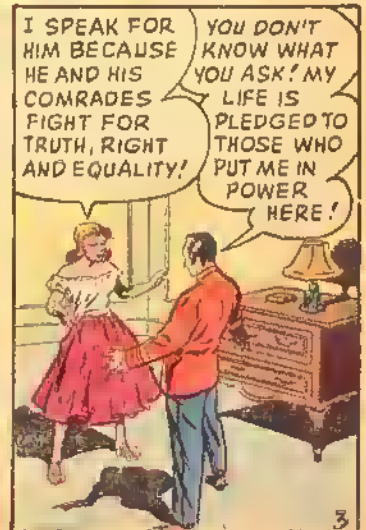
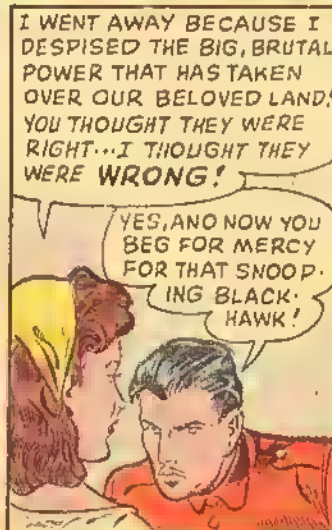
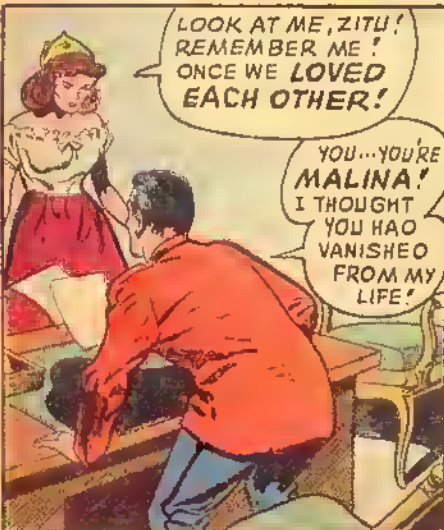
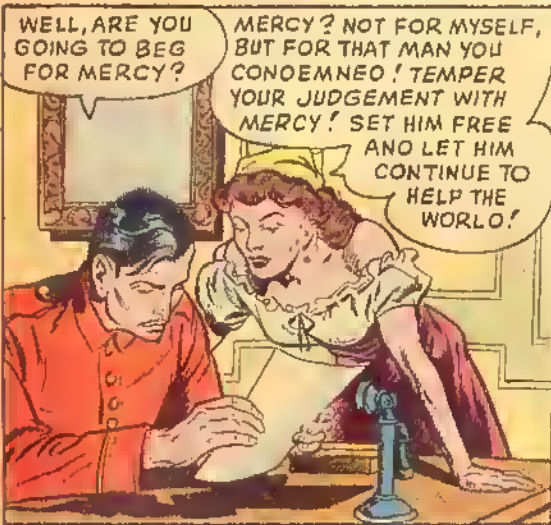
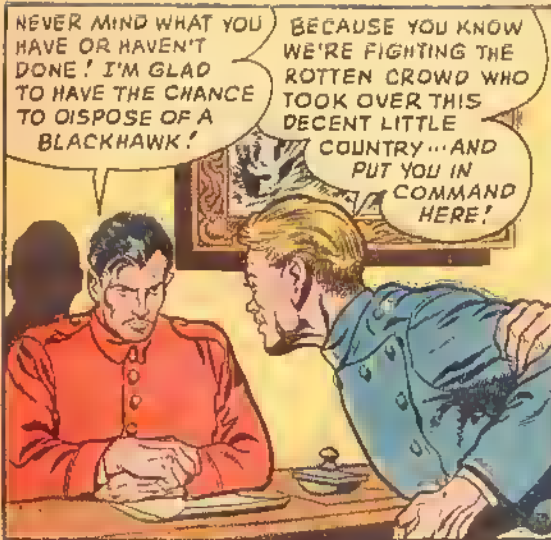
DON'T WORRY
ABOUT ME,
LADY! I'M A
**BLACK-
HAWK!**

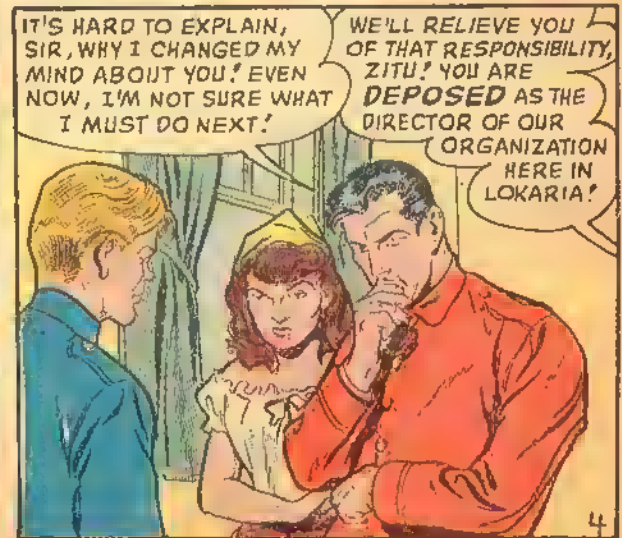
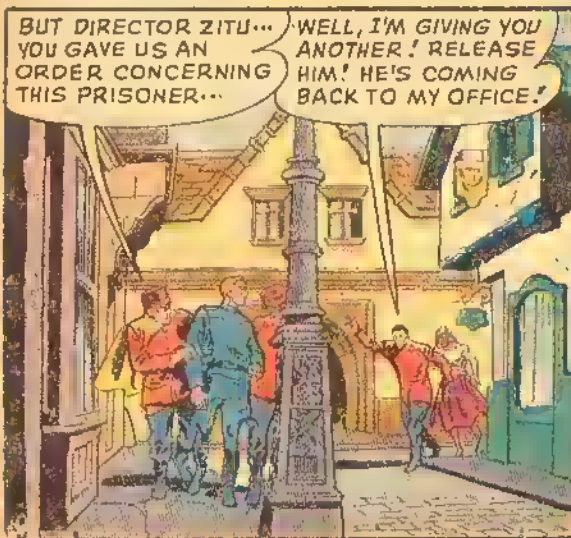
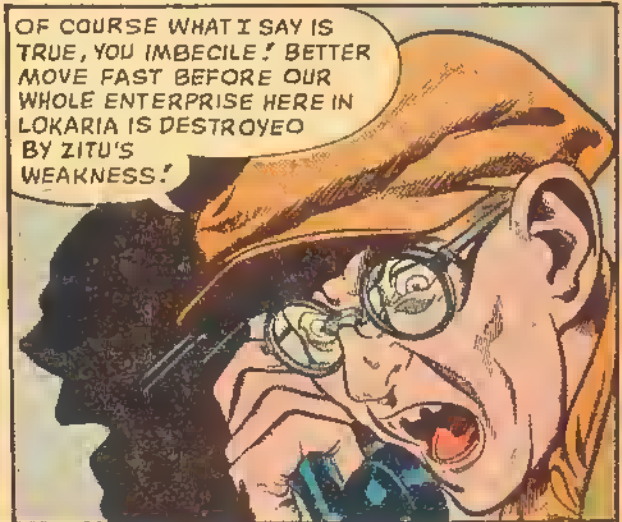
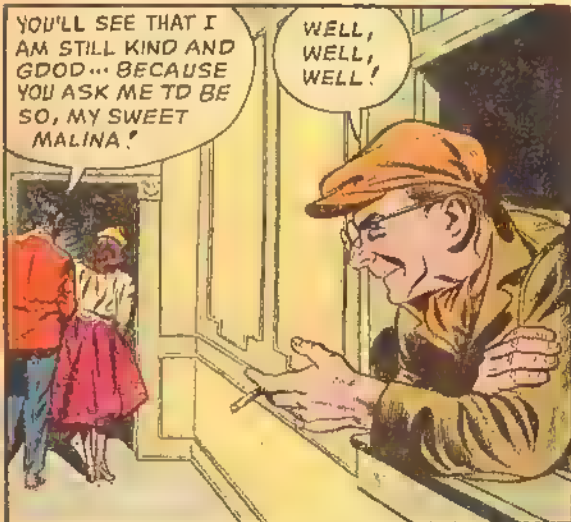


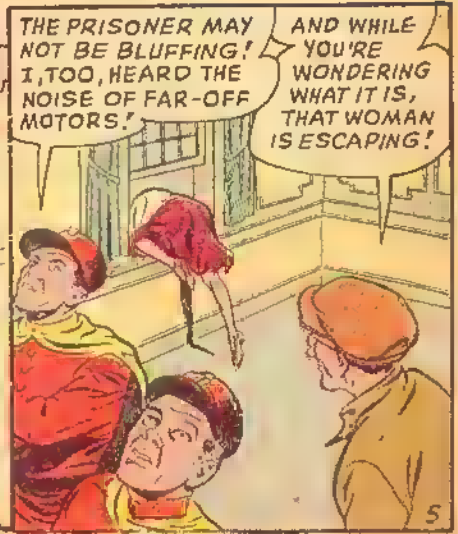
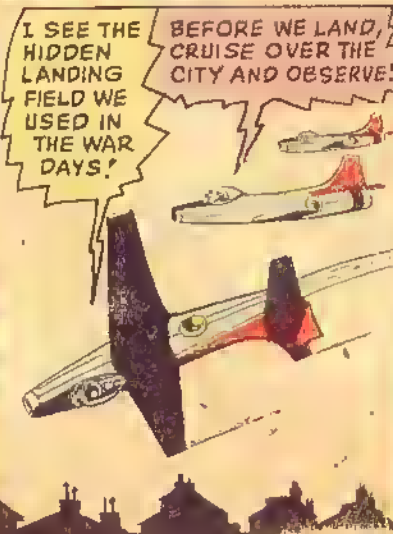
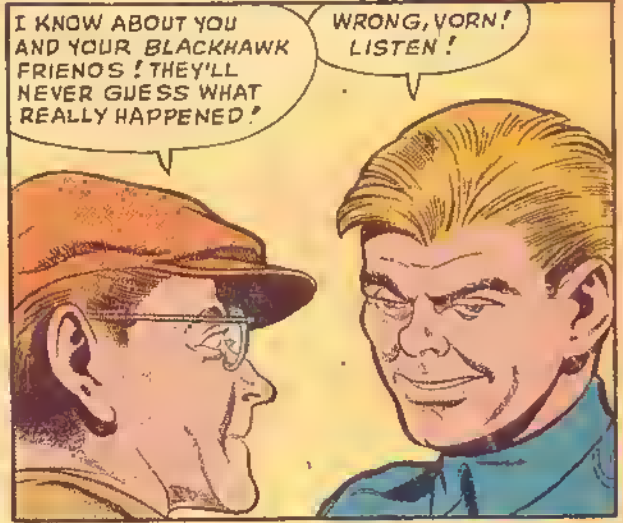
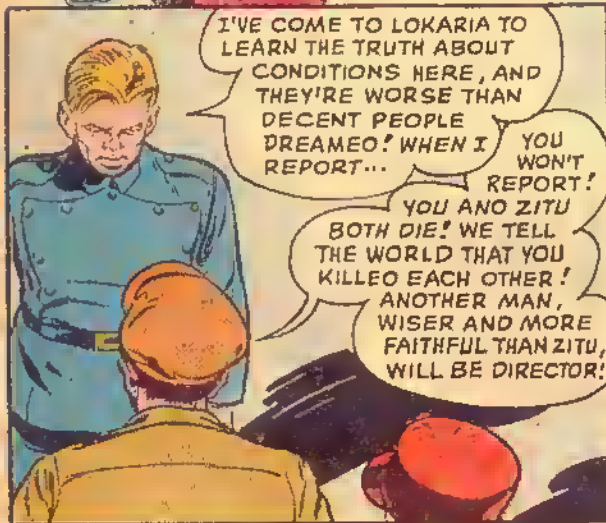
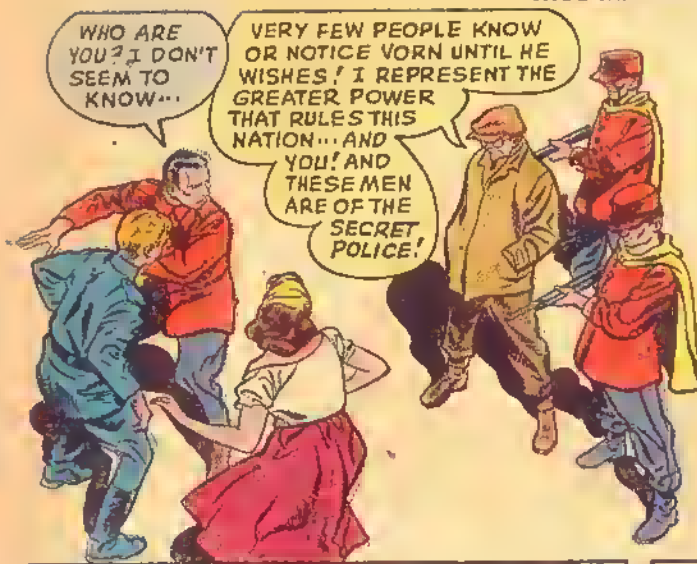
DIRECTOR ZITU, THIS
STRANGER INTERFERED
WHEN WE...

HIS UNIFORM
EXPLAINS HIS
INTERFERENCE!
HE'S A
**BLACK-
HAWK!**







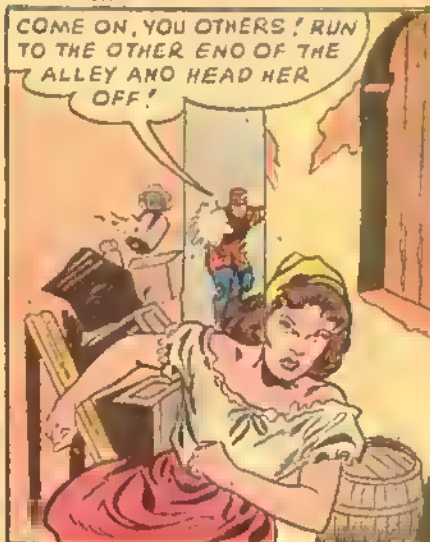


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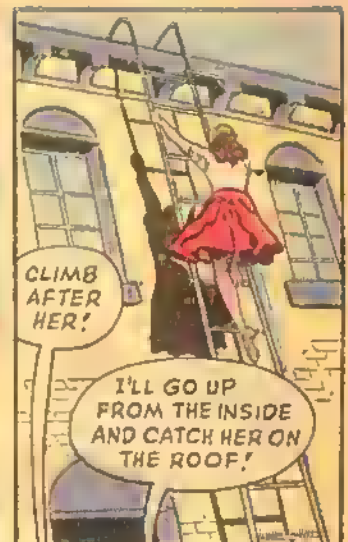


AFTER HER!
BRING HER
BACK!

I MUST FIND THE
BLACKHAWKS...
WARN THEM...

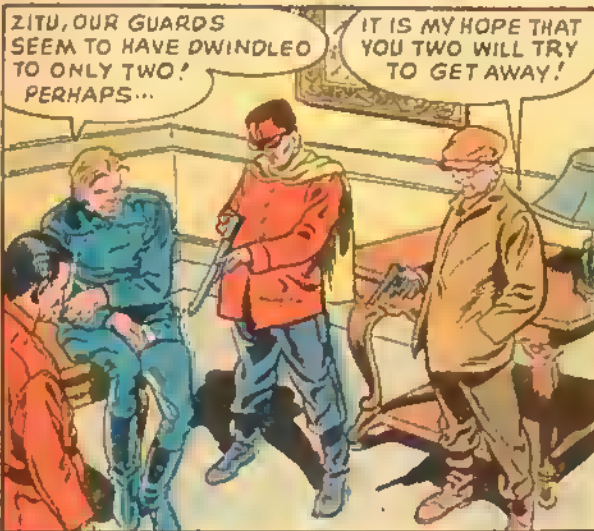


COME ON, YOU OTHERS! RUN
TO THE OTHER END OF THE
ALLEY AND HEAD HER
OFF!



CLIMB
AFTER
HER!

I'LL GO UP
FROM THE INSIDE
AND CATCH HER ON
THE ROOF!



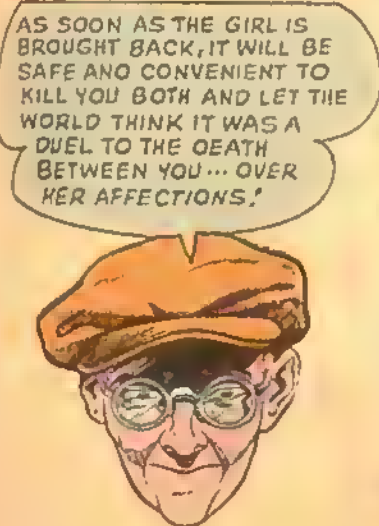
ZITU, OUR GUARDS
SEEM TO HAVE DWINDLED
TO ONLY TWO!
PERHAPS...

IT IS MY HOPE THAT
YOU TWO WILL TRY
TO GET AWAY!

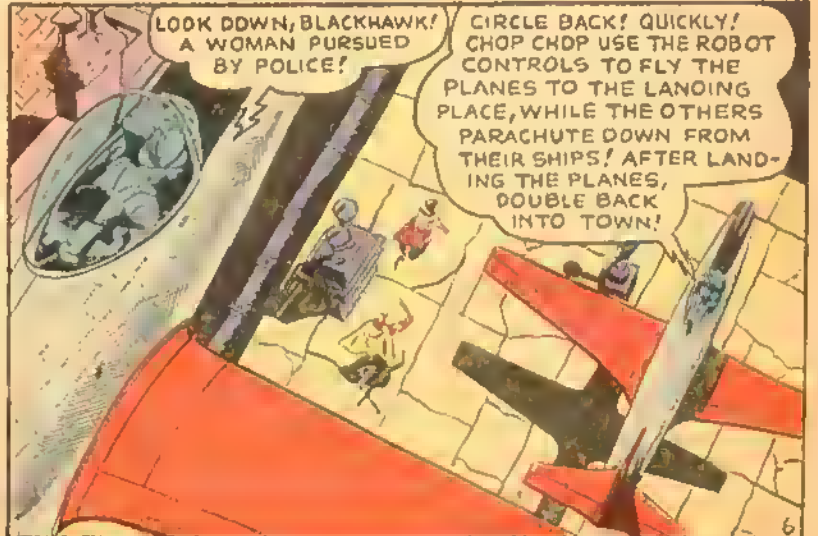


EVERY MINUTE I MOURN
MORE DEEPLY MY BELIEF
IN YOUR NATION'S POWER...
IT WAS MY WORD THAT BROUGHT
LOKARIA UNDER YOUR
CONTROL!

MOURN ALL YOU
LIKE! YOUR TIME
IS SHORT!

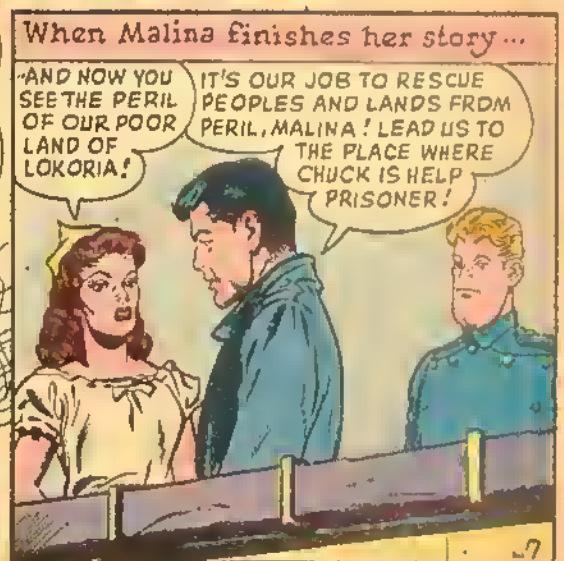
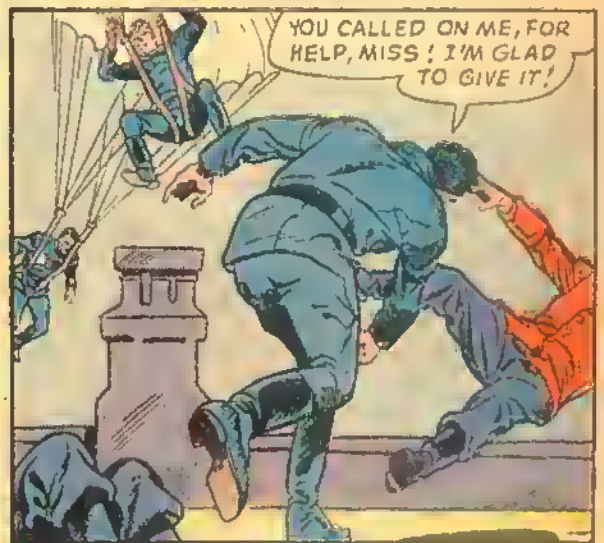
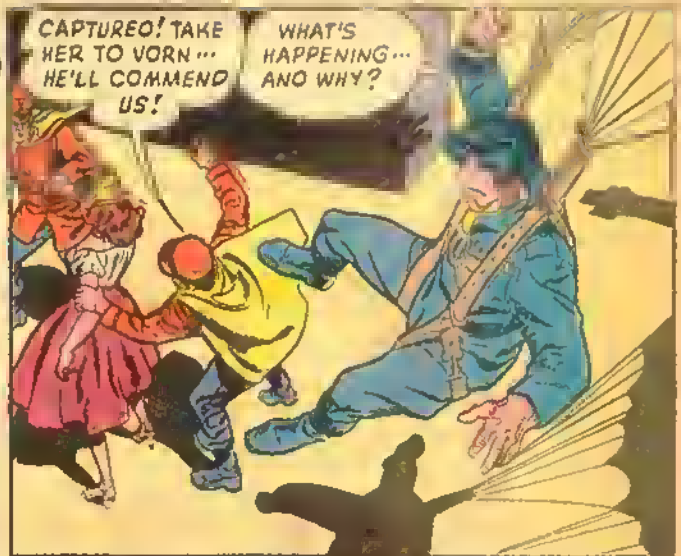
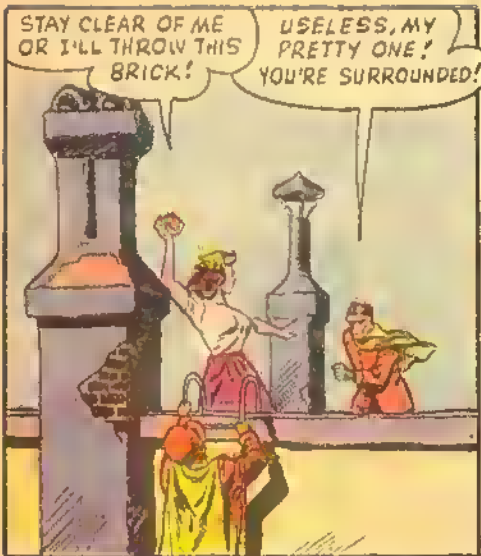


AS SOON AS THE GIRL IS
BROUGHT BACK, IT WILL BE
SAFE AND CONVENIENT TO
KILL YOU BOTH AND LET THE
WORLD THINK IT WAS A
DUEL TO THE DEATH
BETWEEN YOU... OVER
HER AFFECTIONS!

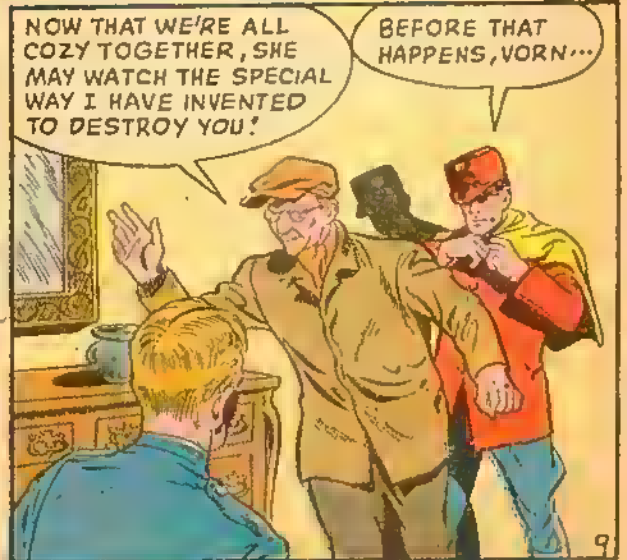
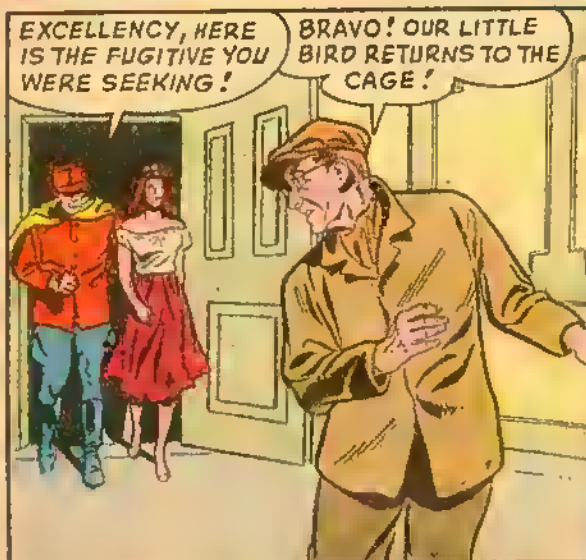
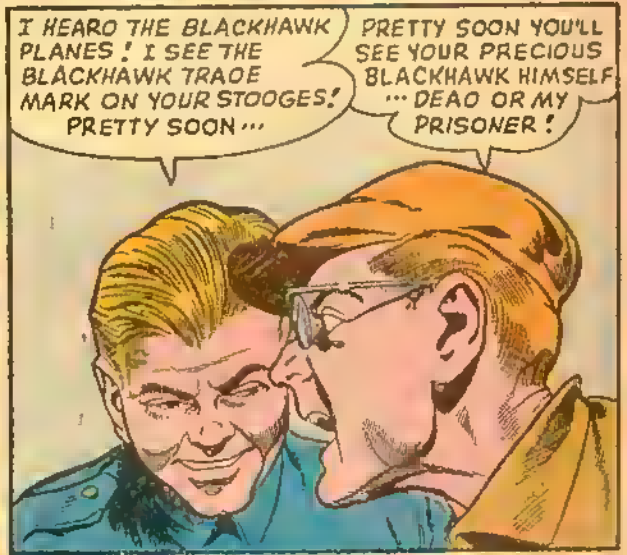
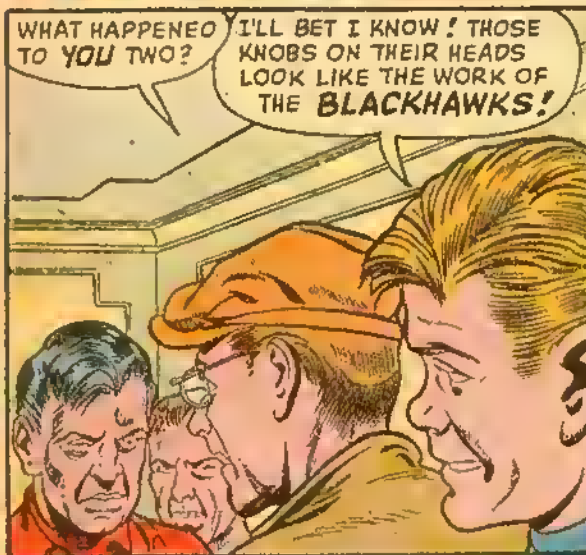
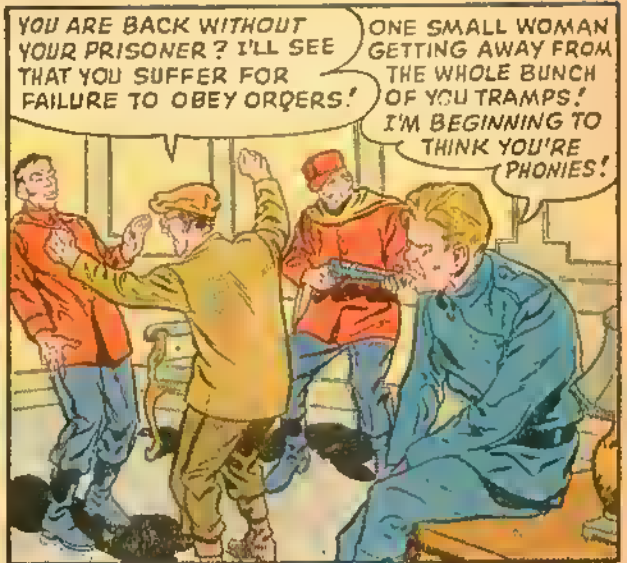


LOOK DOWN, BLACKHAWK!
A WOMAN PURSUED
BY POLICE!

CIRCLE BACK! QUICKLY!
CHOP CHOP USE THE ROBOT
CONTROLS TO FLY THE
PLANES TO THE LANDING
PLACE, WHILE THE OTHERS
PARACHUTE DOWN FROM
THEIR SHIPS! AFTER LAND-
ING THE PLANES,
DOUBLE BACK
INTO TOWN!







SHOULDN'T YOU SHOW SOME RECOGNITION TO THE MAN WHO BROUGHT MALINA TO YOU?

WHAT OID I TELL YOU? IT'S **BLACKHAWK!**

BLACKHAWK...YOU SUICIDAL FOOL! YOU'VE COME INTO MY VERY DEN! I HAVE YOU WHERE I WANT YOU!

CORRECTION, PLEASE! I HAVE **YOU** WHERE I WANT **YOU!**

SEIZE THE MOCKING SCOUNDREL, ONE OF YOU!

LOOK OUT, BUDDY! TOUCH ME AND YOU MAY FALL APART SUDDENLY!

THESE HOODLUMS AREN'T ABLE TO UNDERSTAND, **BLACKHAWK! NOBODY EVER KILLS US!**

THEY'VE HAD THINGS THEIR WAY SO LONG THAT THEY DON'T KNOW HOW TO ACT WHEN THEY'RE HELPLESS!

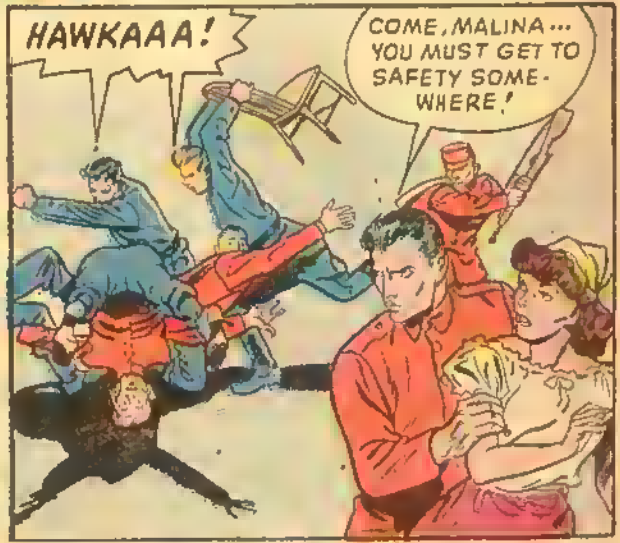
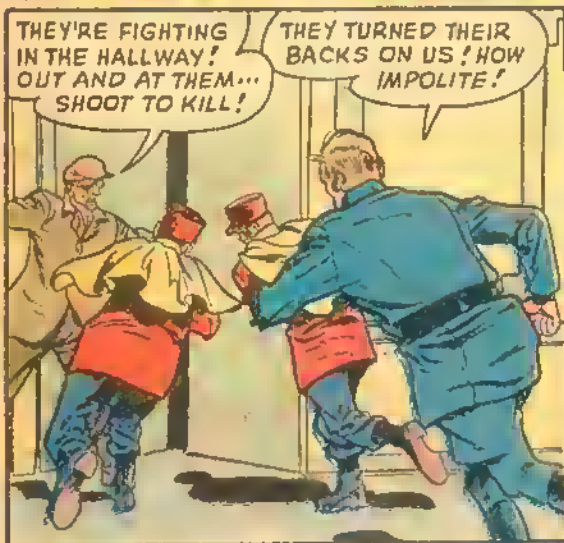
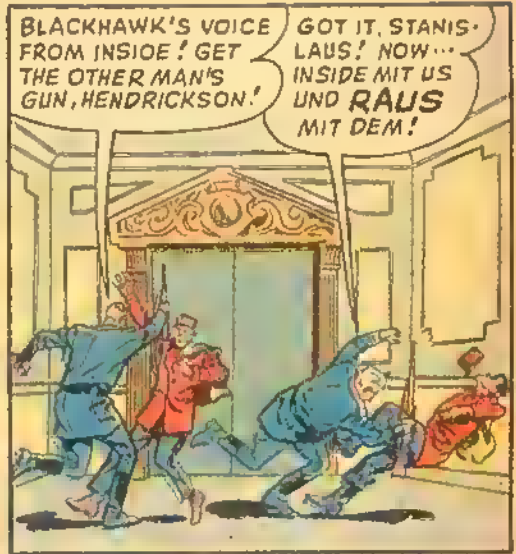
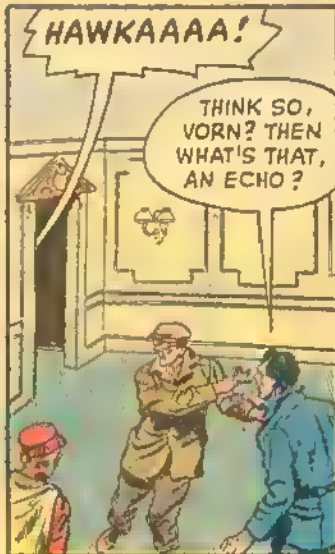
THIS BUILDING IS FILLED WITH MY MEN, GUARDING ALL POINTS!

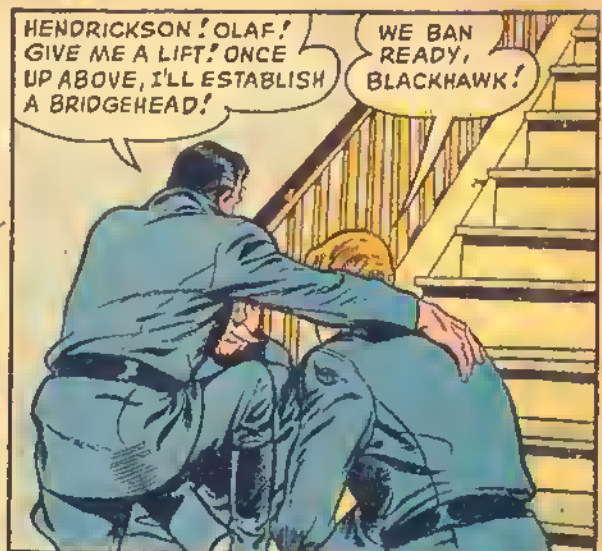
SO MUCH THE BETTER! WE CAN COLLECT THEM IN ONE TIGHT LITTLE PACKAGE!

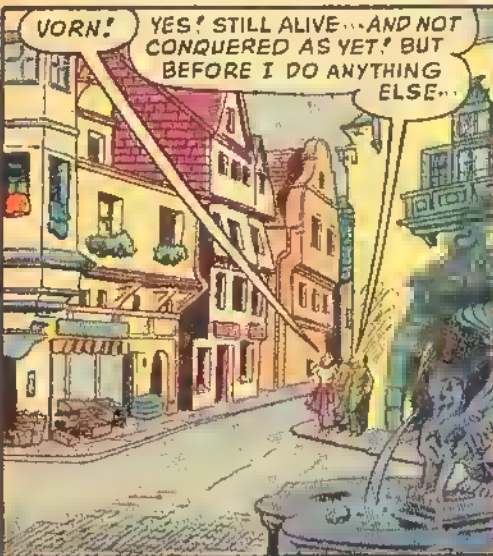
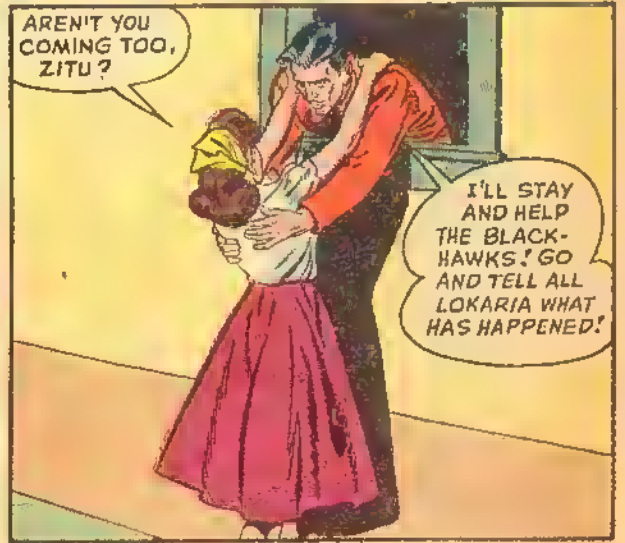
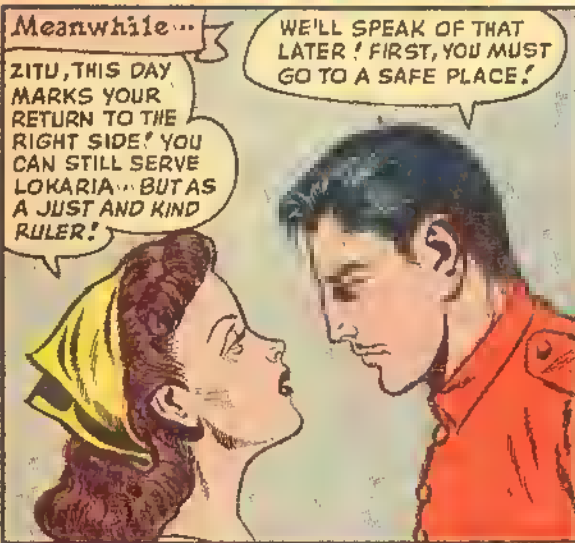
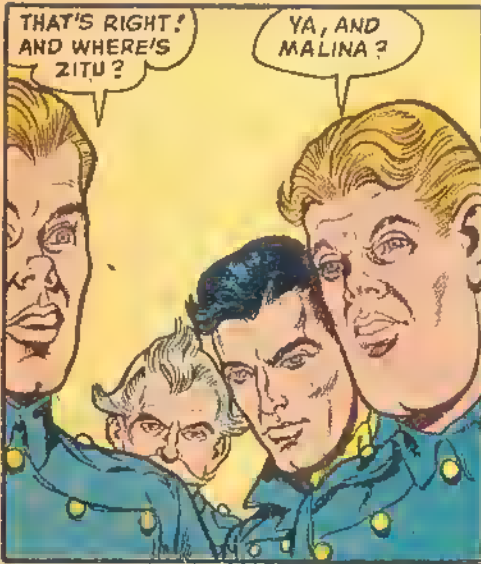
STOP THEIR BOASTING MOUTHS, MEN! YOU HAVE WEAPONS... USE THEM!

BLACKHAWK, IF I DIE, I'M GLAD I DIE AN HONEST MAN!

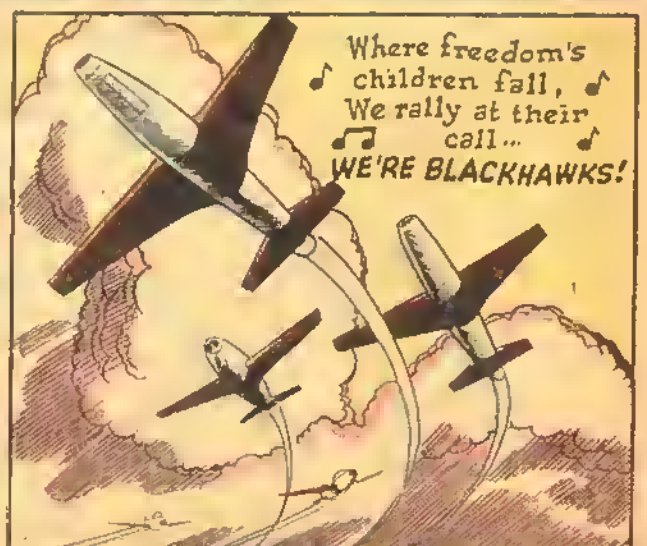
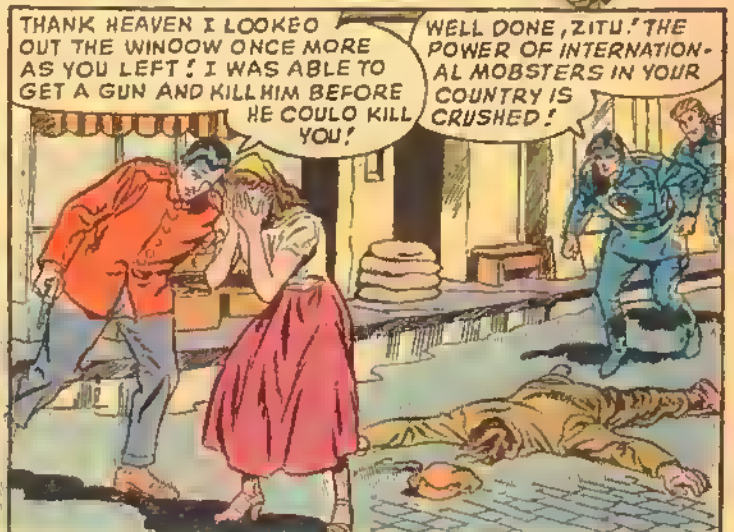
NOBODY'S DEAD, YET, ZITU! LISTEN A MOMENT!





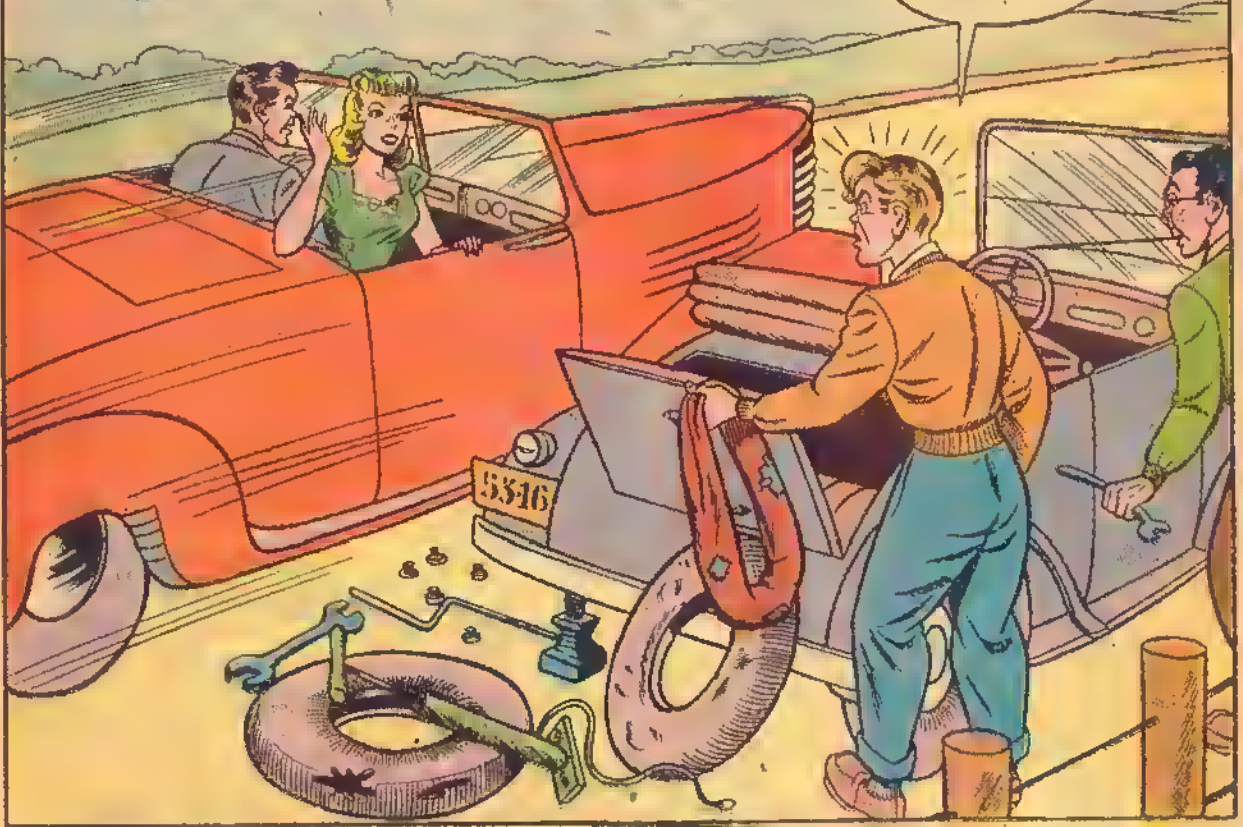


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EZRA

I JUST CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY MYRNA GOES OUT WITH DEAN DILSBURY, JR., WHEN SHE COULD BE DATING ME!



GREETINGS, EZRA OLD PAL! WHAT GIVES?

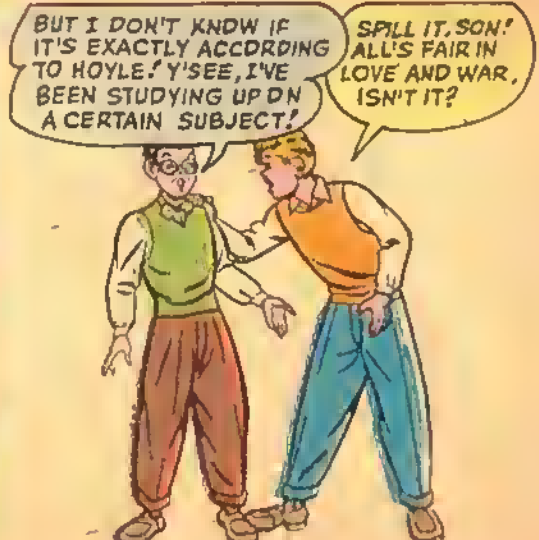
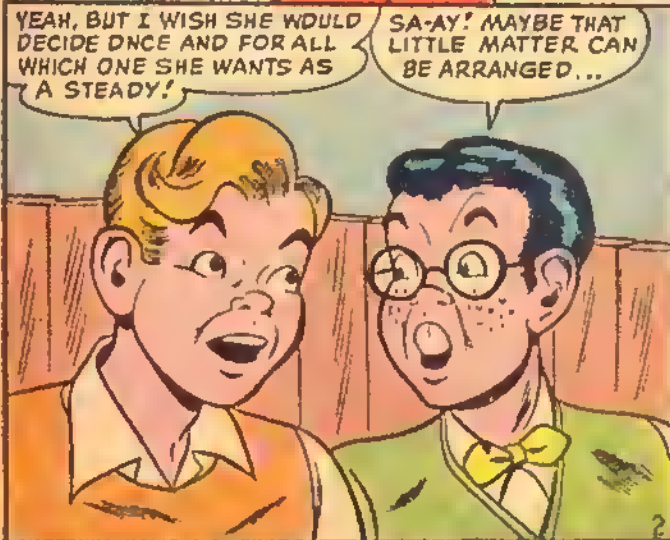
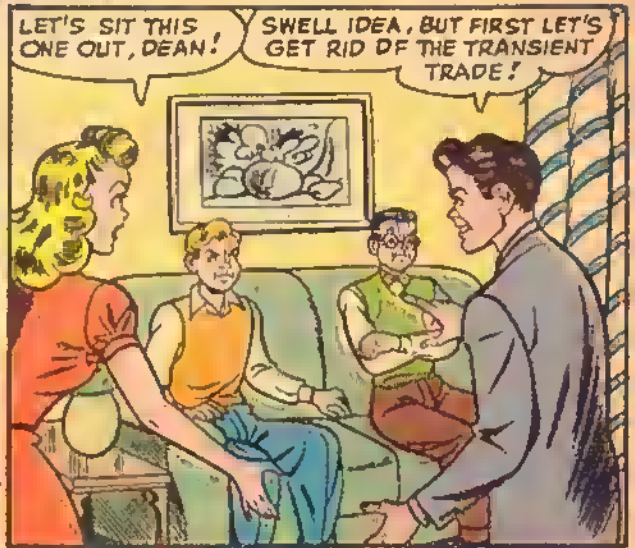
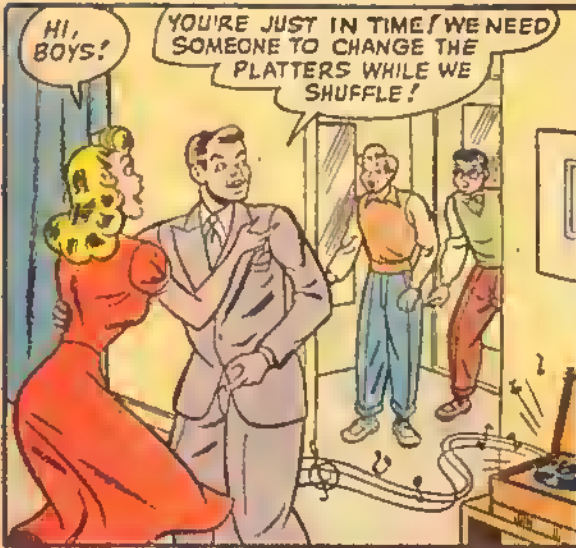
I'M JUST ANKLING OVER TO MYRNA'S HOUSE! C'MON ALONG!

SOMETHING TELLS ME YOU'RE A LITTLE LATE! THERE'S THE DILSBURY HEAP!

WHY CAN'T I EVER SHAKE THAT GOON? NO MATTER WHERE I GO, HE'S ALWAYS THERE FIRST!

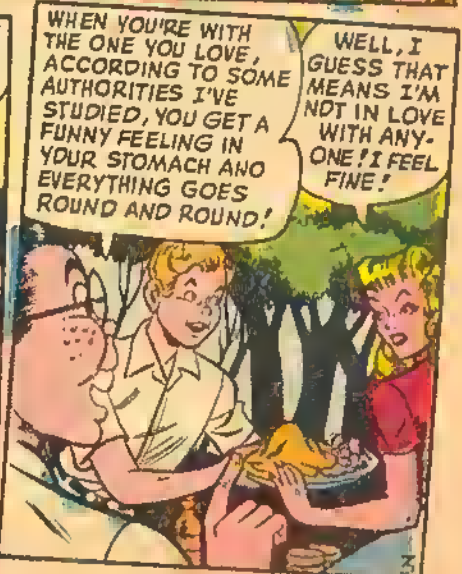
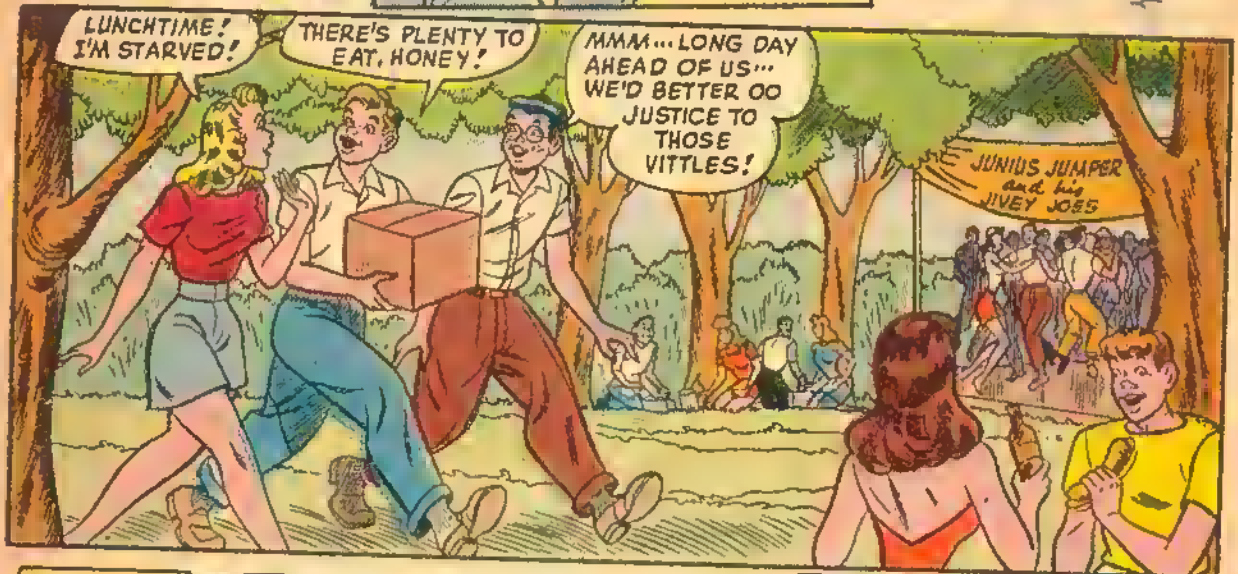
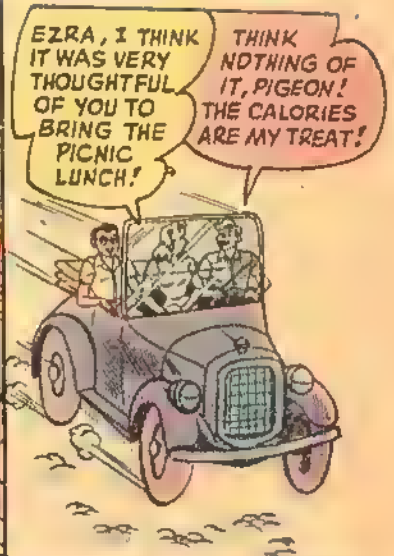
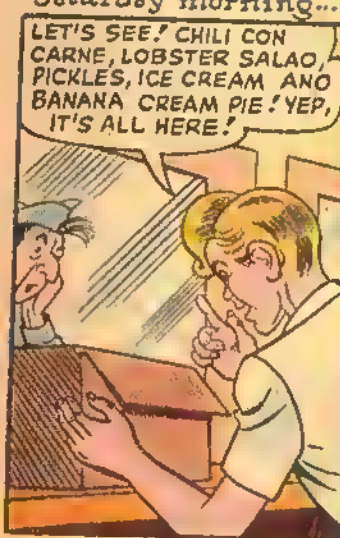


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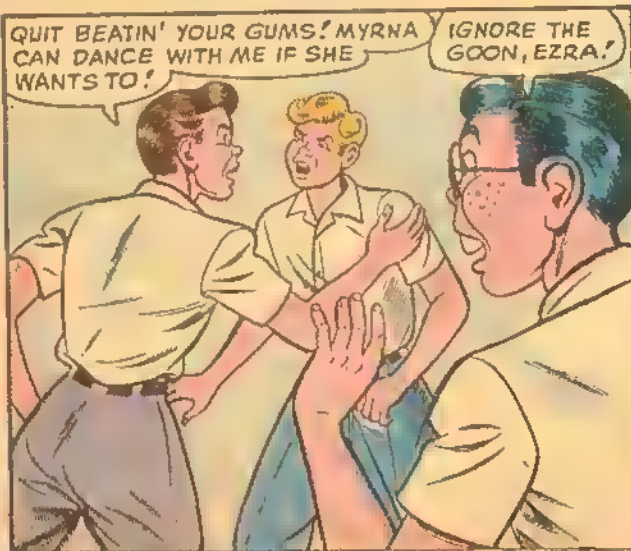
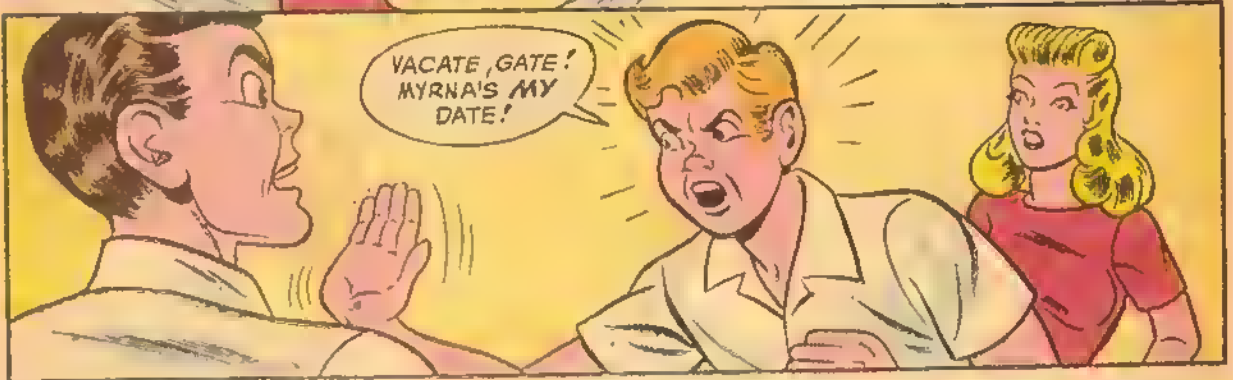
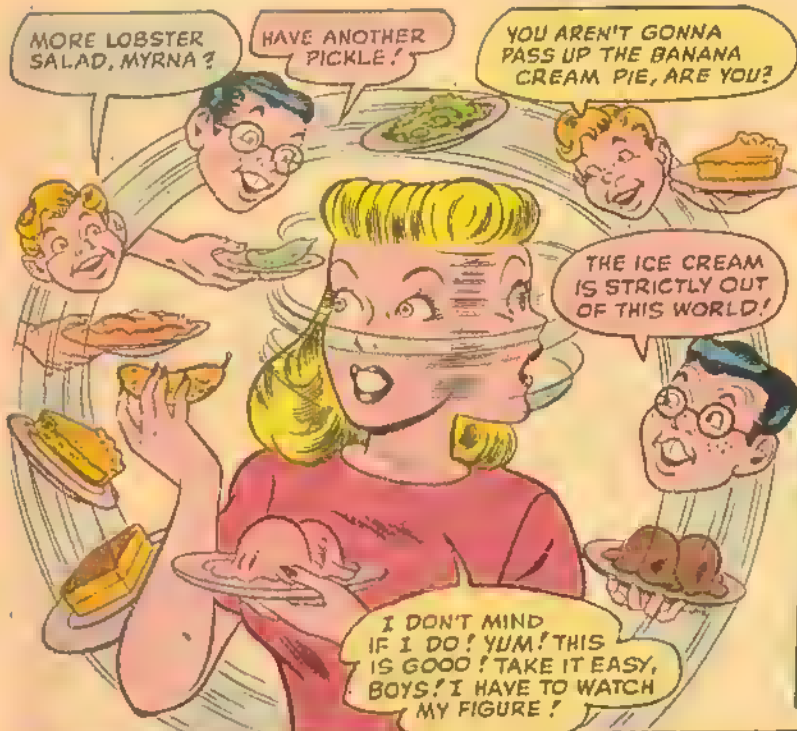


Saturday morning...

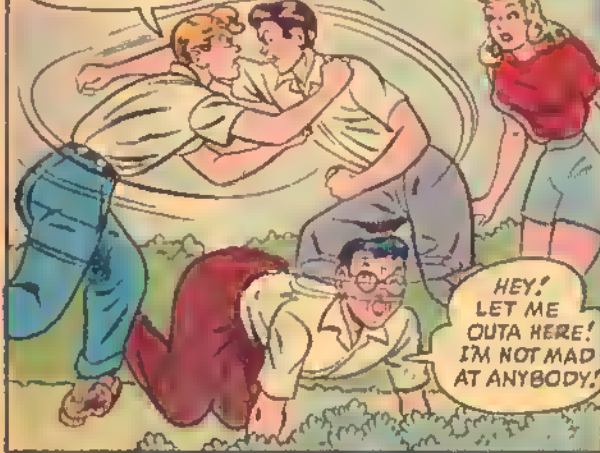
MODERN COMICS



MODERN COMICS

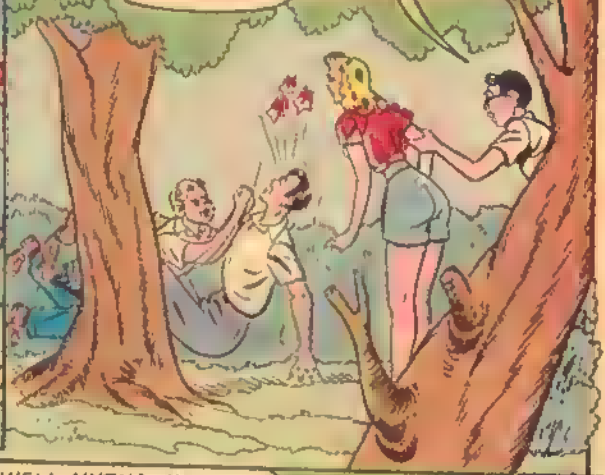


IXNAY, YOU SQUARE!
YOU CAN'T GET AWAY
WITH THAT!

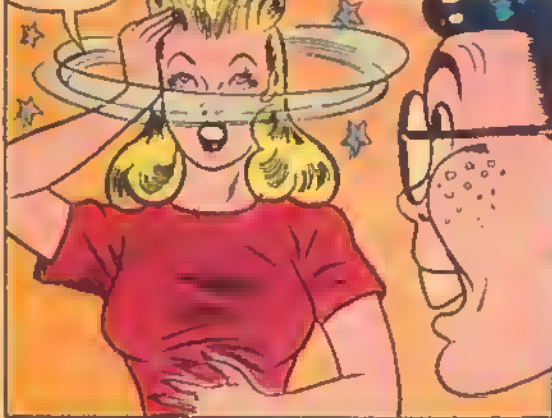


HEY!
LET ME
OUTA HERE!
I'M NOT MAD
AT ANYBODY!

C'MON, MYRNA! LET 'EM FIGHT IT
OUT! IT HAD TO COME SOONER
OR LATER!

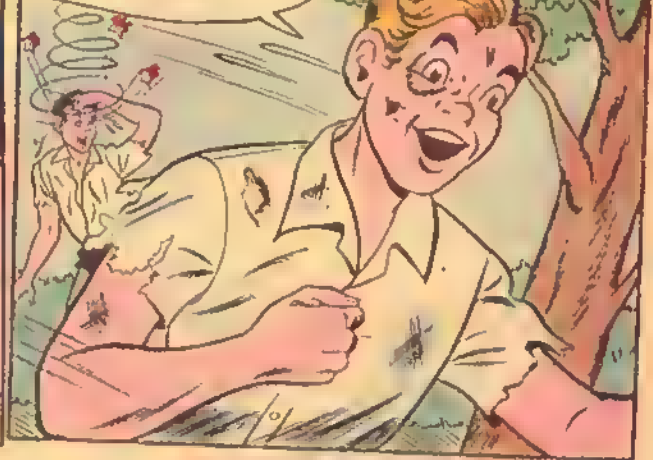


GEE, I FEEL QUEER!
SORT OF LIGHT-
HEADED AND
DIZZY!



OMIGOSH! THE
FOOD'S FINALLY
TAKING EFFECT!

WELL, MYRNA HONEY,
I FIXED THAT CRUMB...
BUT FOR GOOD!

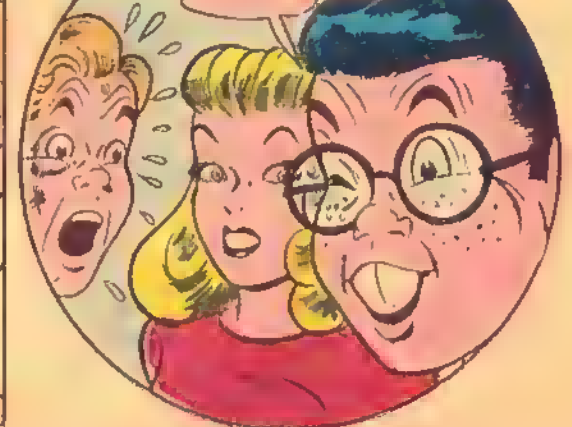


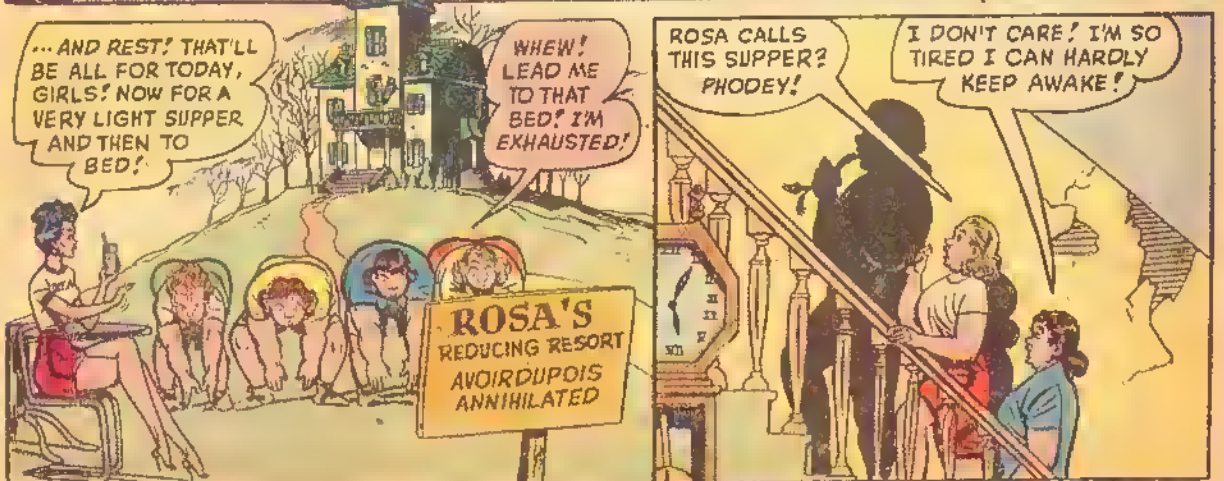
I NEVER FELT LIKE **THIS** BEFORE!
ACCORDING TO WHAT YOU SAID
BEFORE, I MUST BE IN LOVE WITH
YOU, ROLLO!



HUH?

ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR,
EZRA! YOU SPOUTED THAT
LITTLE MOTTO YOUR-
SELF!





Late that night...

WHAT'S THAT NOISE?
IT SOUNDS LIKE
CHAINS CLANKING!

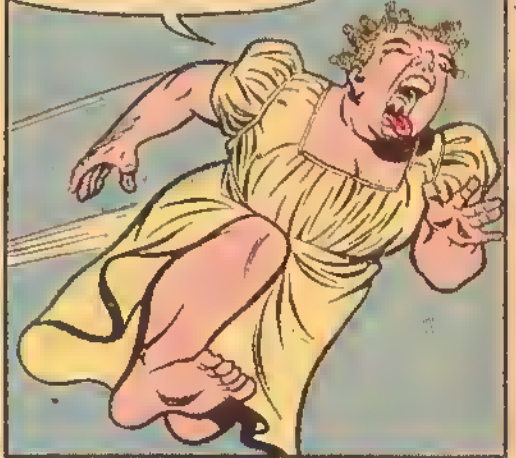
CLANK!
CLANK!



EEEEK!
A GHOST!

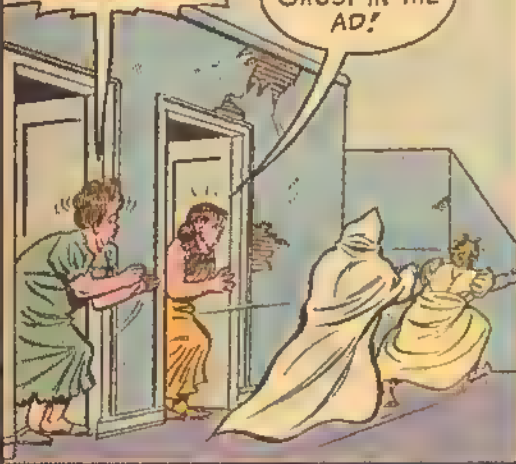


HALP! RUN FOR YOUR
LIVES, GIRLS! A GHOST'S
LOOSE IN THE PLACE!



EEEEHHH!

THEY DIDN'T
MENTION A
GHOST IN THE
AD!



LET'S GET OUT
OF HERE!

WHY, GIRLS... WHAT'S
THE MATTER?



YOU SHOULD
ASK! THE
PLACE IS
HAUNTED!

THAT DRATTED GHOST! THIS IS
THE SECOND BATCH OF SUCKERS
HE'S DRIVEN OUT OF HERE!
IF I COULD ONLY FIND HIM,
I'D SHOW HIM A THING OR
TWO!

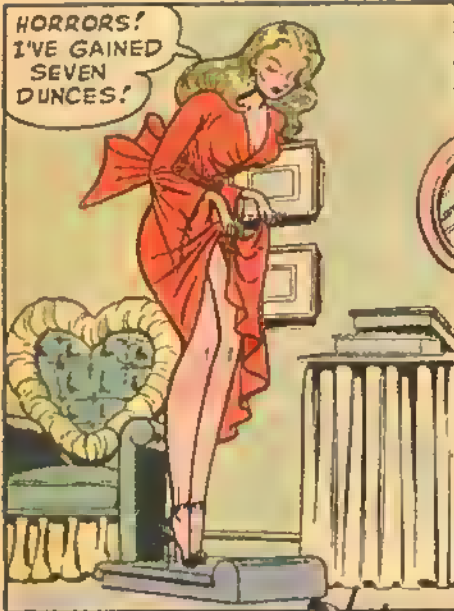


Meanwhile...

'DELICIOUS
CHOCOLATES!'



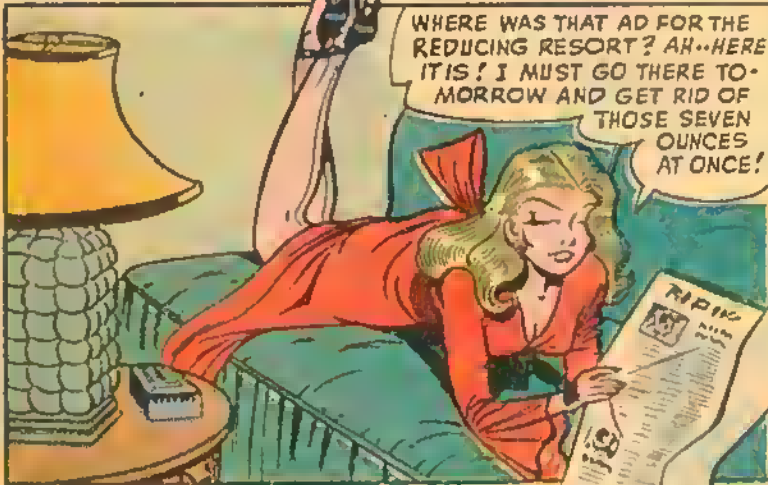
HORRORS!
I'VE GAINED
SEVEN
DUNCES!



I NEVER WANT TO
LOOK AT CANDY AGAIN
AS LONG AS I LIVE!
[SNIFF]

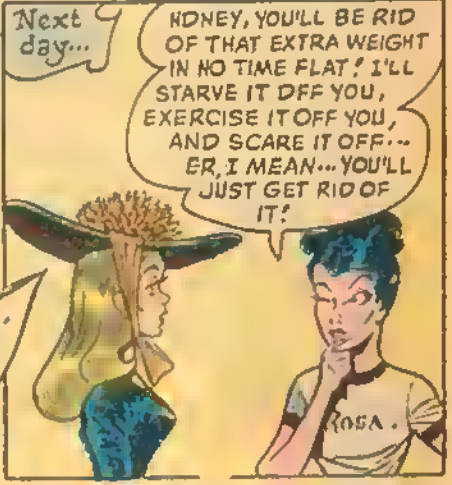


WHERE WAS THAT AD FOR THE
REDUCING RESORT? AH...HERE
IT IS! I MUST GO THERE TO-
MORROW AND GET RID OF
THOSE SEVEN
OUNCES
AT ONCE!



Next
day...

HONEY, YOU'LL BE RID
OF THAT EXTRA WEIGHT
IN NO TIME FLAT! I'LL
STARVE IT OFF YOU,
EXERCISE IT OFF YOU,
AND SCARE IT OFF...
ER, I MEAN...YOU'LL
JUST GET RID OF
IT!



Later...

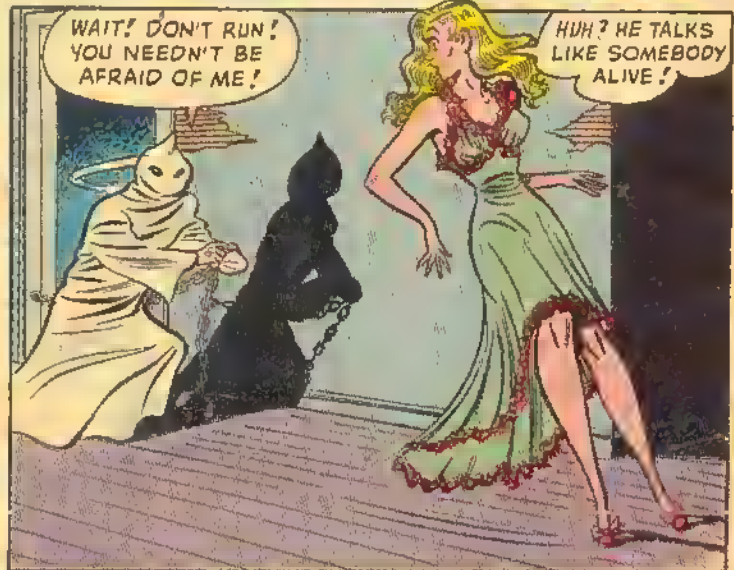
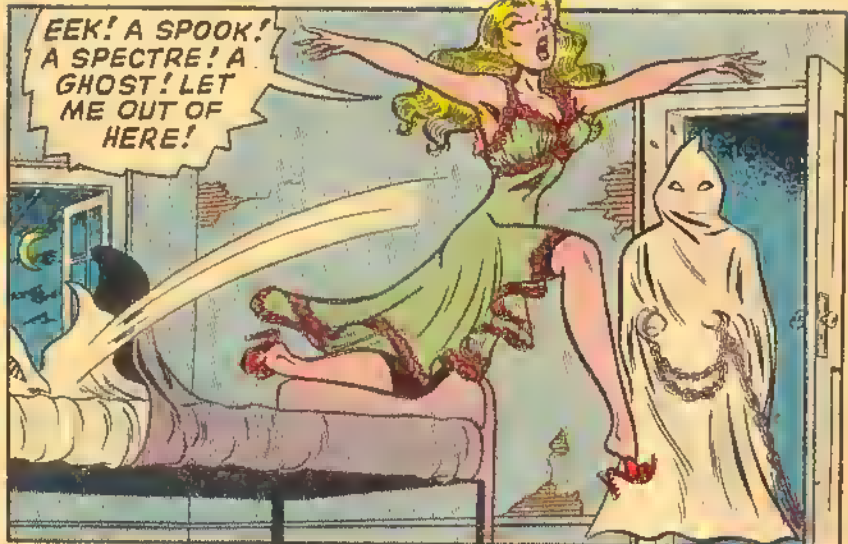
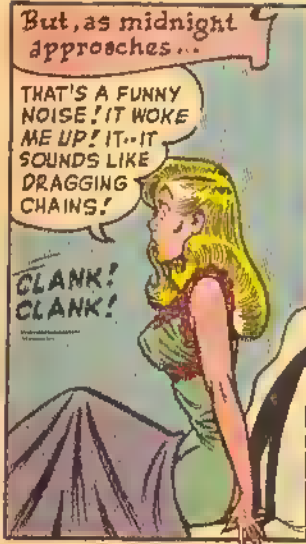
NICE WORK,
TORCHY! NOW
FOR A LIGHT
SUPPER AND A
GOOD NIGHT'S
REST!



I FEEL
LIGHTER
ALREADY!

HO-HUM! I NEVER
KNEW BED COULD
FEEL SO GOOD!

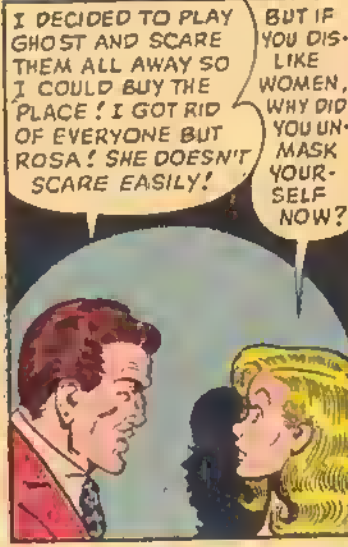




MODERN COMICS

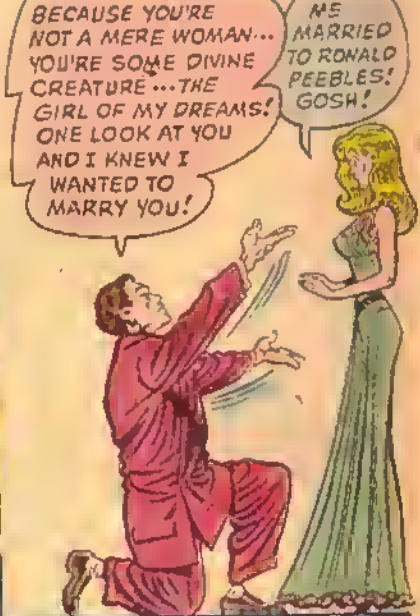


BUT BEFORE I COULD MAKE ANY ARRANGEMENTS THAT ROSA WOMAN GOT AN OPTION ON THE HOUSE AND BROUGHT THOSE HORRIBLE WOMEN HERE!



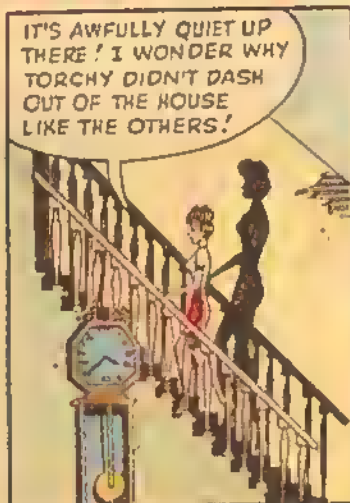
I DECIDED TO PLAY GHOST AND SCARE THEM ALL AWAY SO I COULD BUY THE PLACE! I GOT RID OF EVERYONE BUT ROSA! SHE DOESN'T SCARE EASILY!

BUT IF YOU DIS-LIKE WOMEN, WHY DID YOU UN-MASK YOUR-SELF NOW?

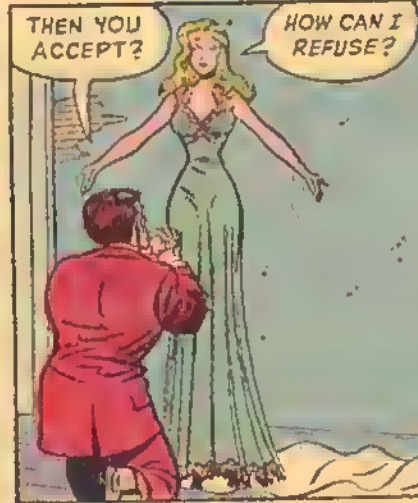


BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT A MERE WOMAN... YOU'RE SOME DIVINE CREATURE... THE GIRL OF MY DREAMS! ONE LOOK AT YOU AND I KNEW I WANTED TO MARRY YOU!

WE MARRIED TO RONALD PEEBLES! GOSH!

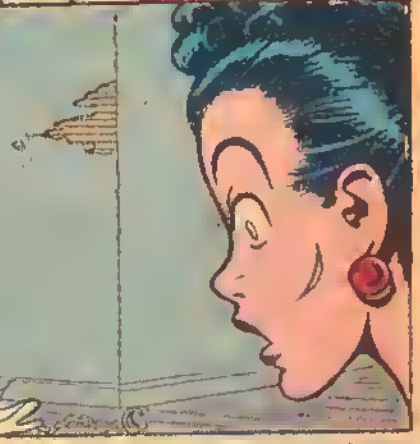


IT'S AWFULLY QUIET UP THERE! I WONDER WHY TORCHY DIDN'T DASH OUT OF THE HOUSE LIKE THE OTHERS!

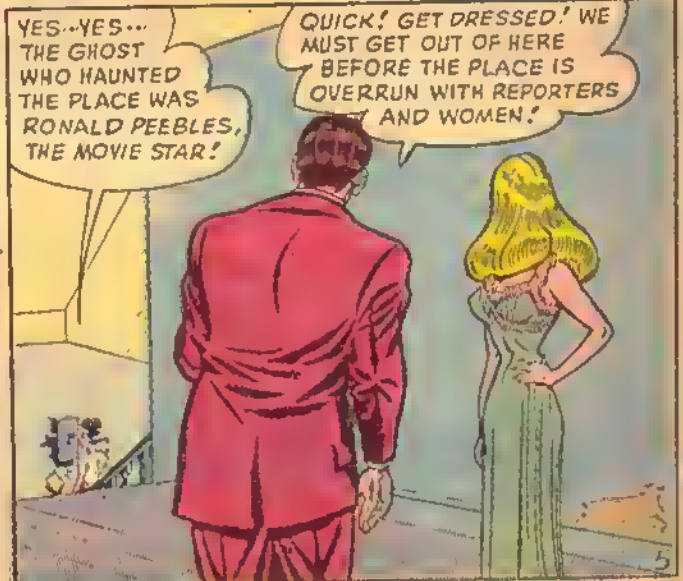


THEN YOU ACCEPT?

HOW CAN I REFUSE?

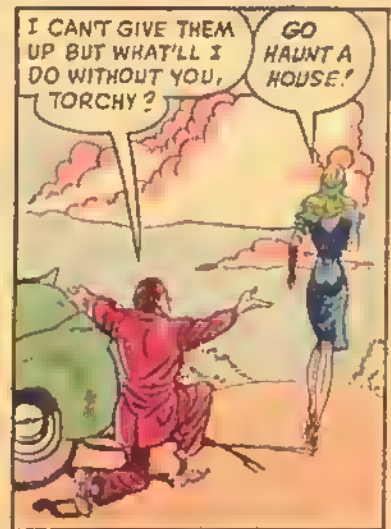
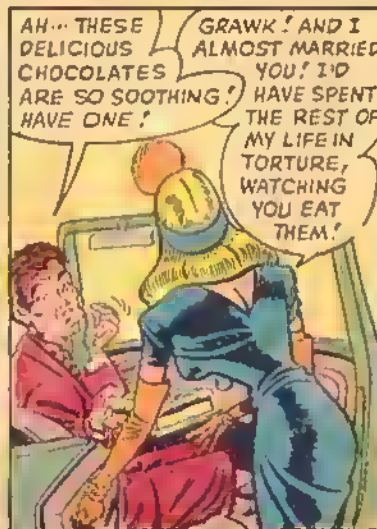
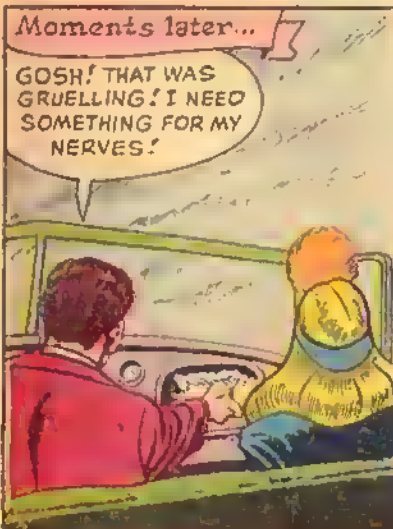
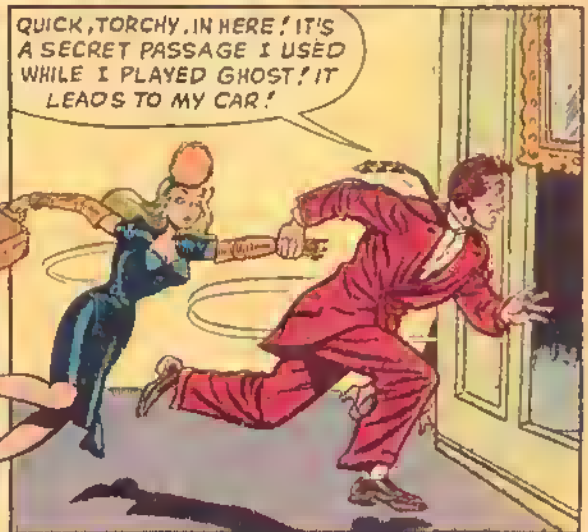
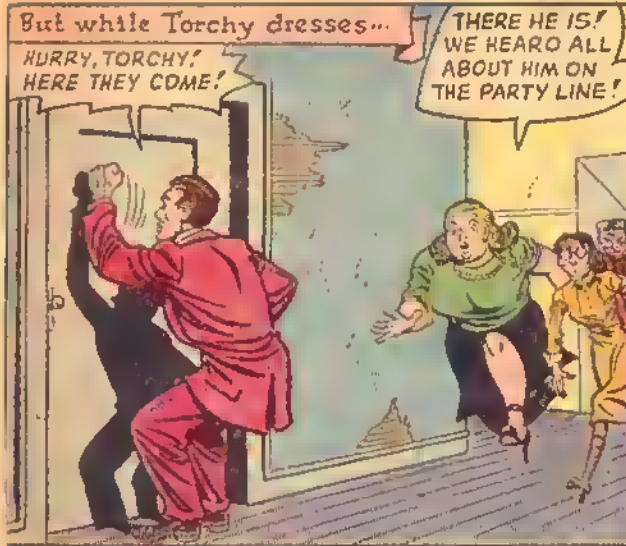


IT'S RONALD PEEBLES, THE ACTOR! OH, BOY! WAIT'LL I CALL THE PAPERS AND TELL THEM! CUSTOMERS'LL FLOCK HERE IN DROVES! WHAT AN IDEA FOR AN AD! "REDUCE AT ROSA'S AND MARRY A MOVIE STAR!"



YES...YES... THE GHOST WHO HAUNTED THE PLACE WAS RONALD PEEBLES, THE MOVIE STAR!

QUICK! GET DRESSED! WE MUST GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE PLACE IS OVERRUN WITH REPORTERS AND WOMEN!



Test Hop

"IT SEEMS sort of strange to be in a large cockpit like this," Chuck remarked as he buckled his safety belt.

"Propeller-driven aircraft still have their place in our Air Force," Blackhawk replied from the left-hand seat. "And men have to be trained to handle all types. We'll run a more than thorough test on this ship. If it is practical it will mean a lot in training future pilots."

"All set?" he asked.

Chuck ran his eyes quickly over the instruments. "Everything checks," he called over the noise of the engines. "Take her away."

Blackhawk gripped the four throttles in his right hand and pushed them smoothly forward, keeping his eyes on the gyro-compass and correcting with the rudder any tendency to fall off the original heading. "Gear up," he called, reducing power slightly.

"Gear coming up," Chuck shouted.

Blackhawk's eyes roved ceaselessly over the flight instruments while his competent hands guided the plane steadily upward. "We'll level off at six thousand feet," he said. "It will be instruments all the way, so keep in close contact with the radio control."

"Static's pretty bad on the low frequency," Chuck observed. "I'm switching to Very High Frequency."

As the plane's engines droned on Chuck gazed through the windshield but only blackness met his eyes. The occasional jolts of rough air became more frequent until the ship pitched and rocked like a small boat in heavy seas.

"Want me to take it for a while?" Chuck asked. "This rough air is giving you quite a workout."

"I'm okay," Blackhawk answered. "Just make sure we have radio contact. There is no telling what might come up. I just noticed we're picking up a little ice. The heaters are on but if it gets worse we may have to go in."

"Everything's okay as far as I can see," Chuck said cheerfully. "This baby climbs like a dream. We're almost to six thousand already."

Suddenly, after a hoarse cough from an engine, the ship swerved sickeningly to the left. "Number one engine dead," Blackhawk called. "Check it."

"Fuel pressure normal," Chuck yelled back

"I'll feather it." He had barely completed the operations to reduce the drag of the dead engine when number two engine sputtered and went dead.

"Feather number two," Blackhawk called, fighting for rudder control. "Call the tower and tell them we're coming in . . . we're picking up a load of ice, too."

Gray-faced, Chuck looked up from his microphone. "The field reports ceiling zero and visibility less than one-eighth of a mile."

"Can't be helped," Blackhawk said grimly. "We're losing altitude. We're going in one way or another."

"But Blackhawk," Chuck choked. "It will be suicide if we miss the field. We'll never have enough power to go around."

"Get the ground-controlled approach on channel four of the V.H.F.," Blackhawk ordered with a tight smile. "We'll have to make sure we hit it on the first try."

"Oh," Chuck laughed sheepishly. "I forgot. Sort of gets you after a while."

The calm voice of Ground Control came through the headphones, giving Blackhawk specific instructions as to let-down, airspeed and direction. After several anxious minutes, the operator informed him the ship was headed directly for the active runway. Their altitude was five hundred feet.

Coolly, Blackhawk relayed to Chuck the instructions to lower the landing gear and flaps. Slowly the altimeter crept downward toward zero. It read fifty feet when the two active engines suddenly sputtered. Instinctively, Blackhawk hauled back on the control column to keep the rate of descent steady.

They breathed a sigh of relief as the altitude held at zero and the airspeed dropped slowly. "We made it," Chuck exulted. "I didn't even feel us touch."

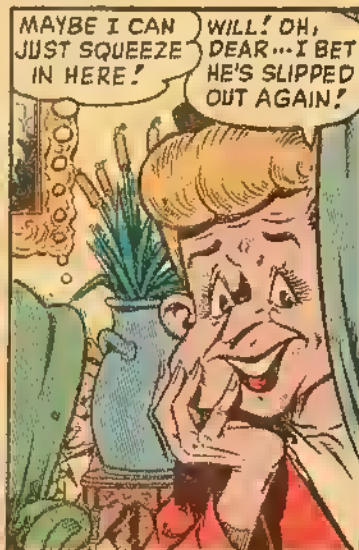
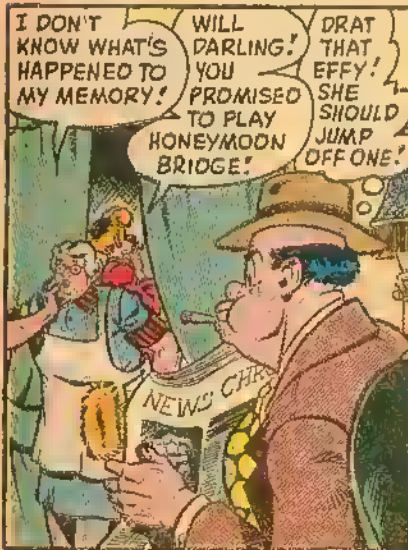
Blackhawk undid his safety belt and stood up to stretch his cramped muscles. He opened the rear door of the pilot's compartment and looked out into the hangar.

"If this gadget doesn't teach our four-engine pilots to fly instruments," he said, "nothing will. Even though we never left the ground, this new instrument trainer put us through paces like a real ship."

Will Bragg



Could Mrs. Mahoulahan be meaning her star boarder, Will Bragg? Herrumph!



IT ISN'T UNDER THE SOFA CUSHIONS... WILL BRAGG!

ER...SORRY, MRS. MAHOULAHAN! I HAVE AN APPOINTMENT!

THAT DOES IT! NOT ONLY DO YOU NEGLECT TO PAY RENT, BUT YOU SMASH THE ONLY PRESENT POOR MR. MAHOULAHAN GAVE ME BEFORE HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE!

I ASSURE YOU... UH-OH!

AS IF I HADN'T ENOUGH TROUBLES, LOSING MY MORTGAGE MONEY AND ALL! GET ALONG WITH YOU! I'LL SELL YOUR BELONGINGS TO MAKE UP THE RENT!

BE REASONABLE, MRS. MA... OUCH!

A VIOLENT WOMAN! I WONDER IF SHE REALLY MEANS TO TURN ME OUT OF THAT WRETCHED HOVEL!

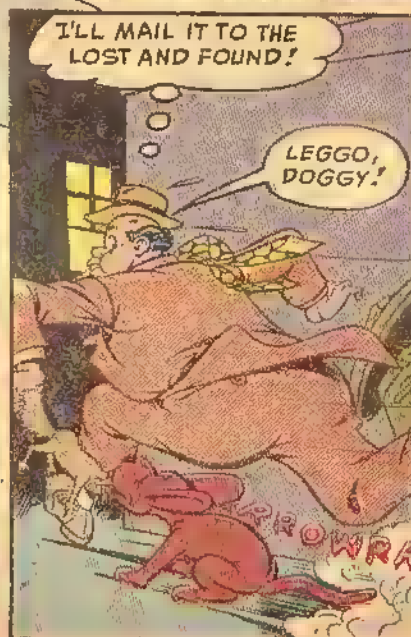
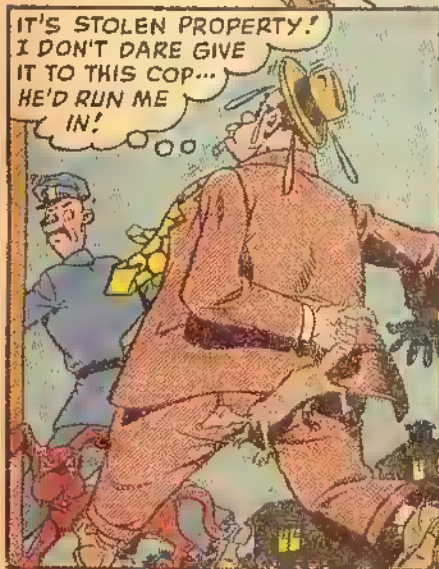
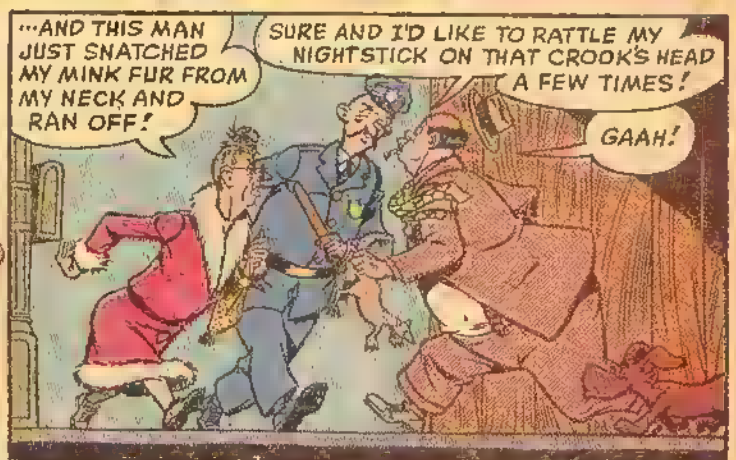
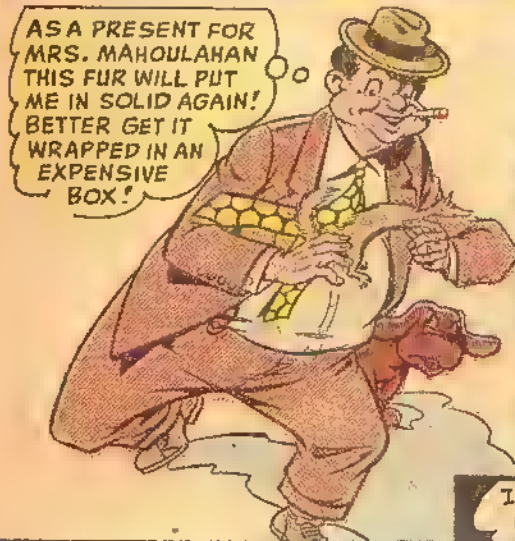
SAY, FRIEND, YOU LOOK LIKE A MAN WHO KNOWS A BARGAIN!

HUH?

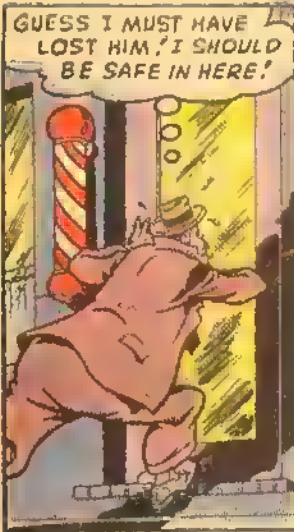
HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO TAKE A GENUINE, SIMULATED MINK FUR PIECE HOME TO THE LITTLE WOMAN?

I'M NOT MARRIED... SAY... I MIGHT...

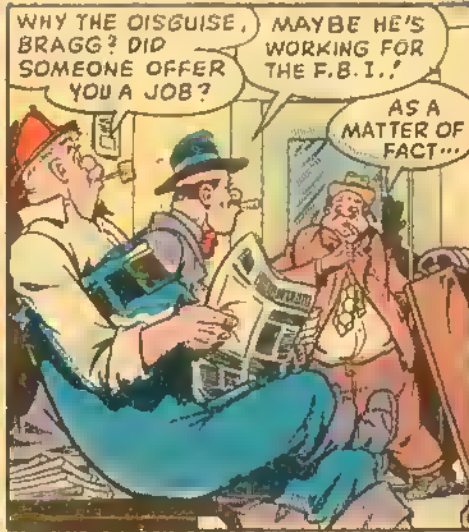
...NO, I SEEM TO HAVE LEFT MY MONEY IN ANOTHER SUIT!



MODERN COMICS



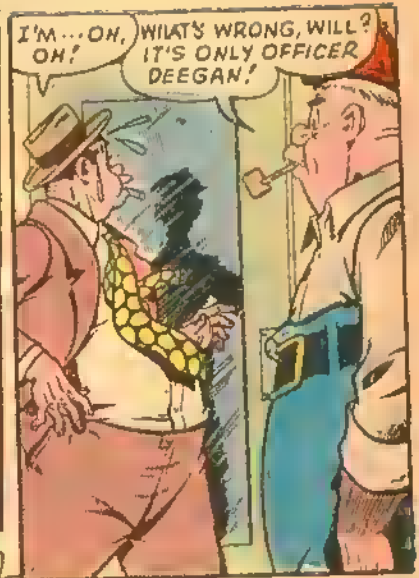
GUESS I MUST HAVE LOST HIM. I SHOULD BE SAFE IN HERE!



WHY THE DISGUISE, BRAGG? DID SOMEONE OFFER YOU A JOB?

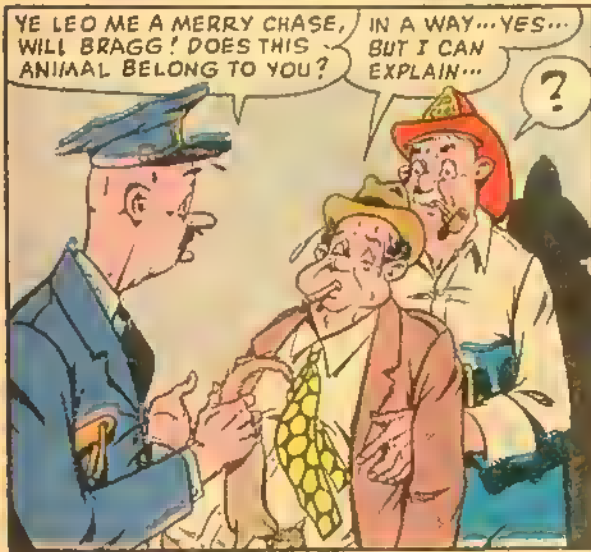
MAYBE HE'S WORKING FOR THE F.B.I.

AS A MATTER OF FACT...



I'M... OH, OH!

WHAT'S WRONG, WILL? IT'S ONLY OFFICER DEEGAN!



YE LEO ME A MERRY CHASE, WILL BRAGG? DOES THIS ANIMAL BELONG TO YOU?

IN A WAY... YES... BUT I CAN EXPLAIN...

?

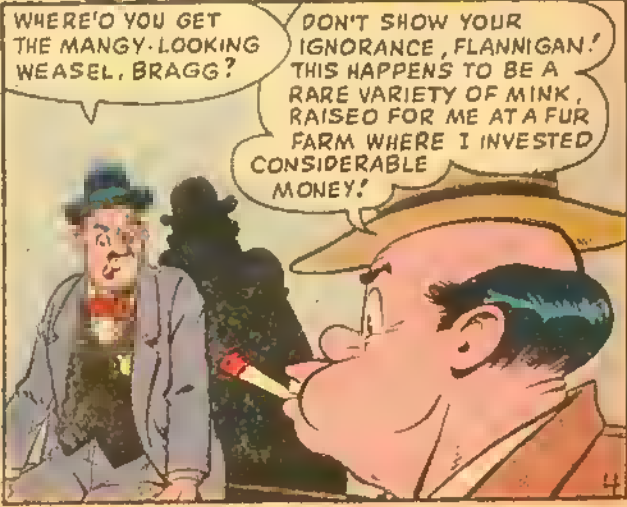


THEN YOU SHOULD BE MORE CAREFUL OF IT! MRS. MCNULTY WAS JUST AFTER TELLING ME HOW HERS WAS STOLEN A FEW YEARS BACK! THAT DOG ALMOST GOT AWAY WITH THIS ONE!



THANKS, OFFICER... IT WAS MIGHTY CARELESS OF ME! I MUST SPEAK TO THE COMMISSIONER ABOUT YOUR FINE WORK!

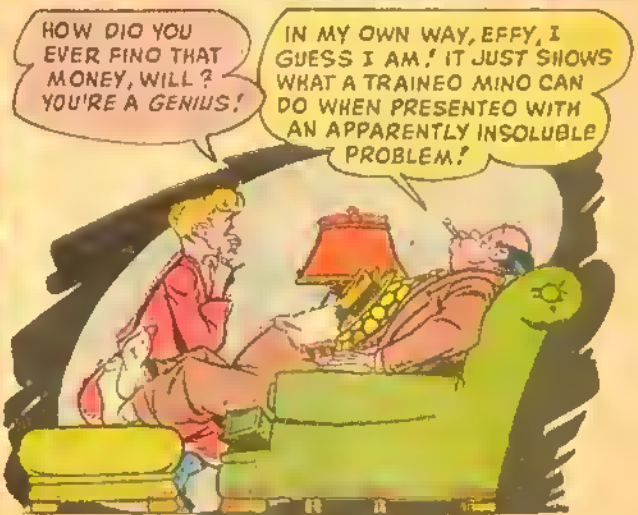
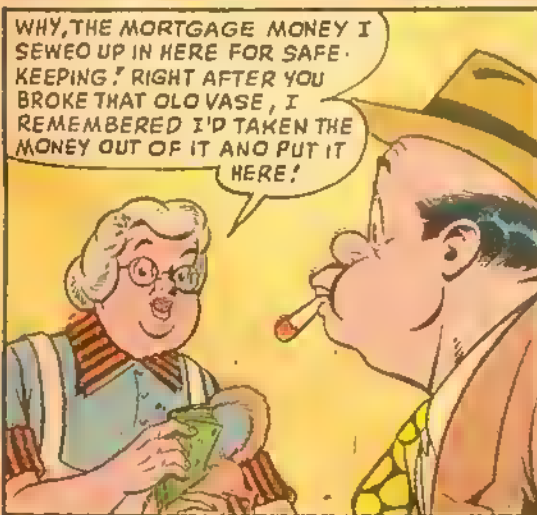
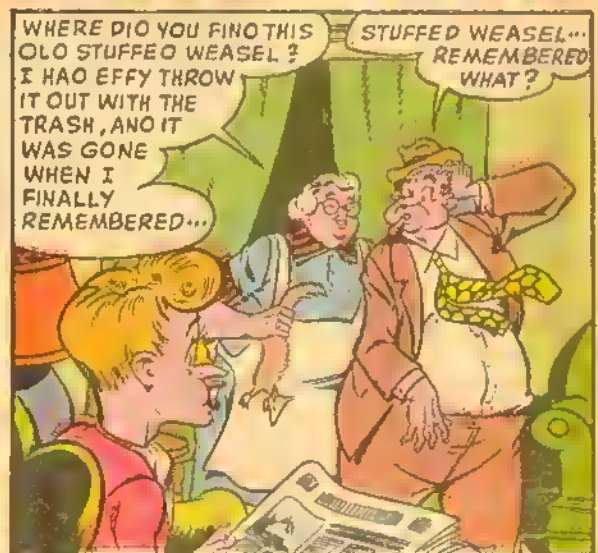
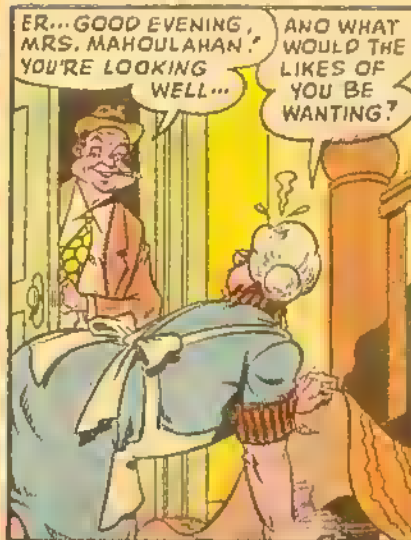
NOT AT ALL! WELL, BACK TO MY BEAT!



WHERE'D YOU GET THE MANGY-LOOKING WEASEL, BRAGG?

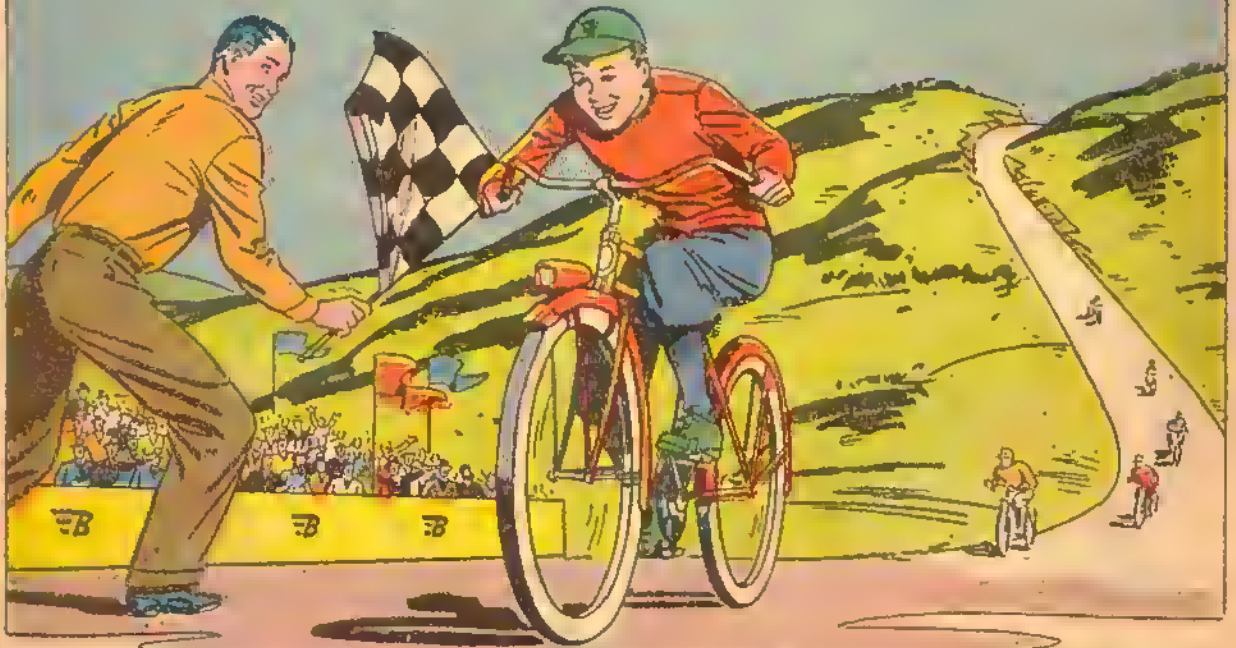
DON'T SHOW YOUR IGNORANCE, FLANNIGAN! THIS HAPPENS TO BE A RARE VARIETY OF MINK, RAISED FOR ME AT A FUR FARM WHERE I INVESTED CONSIDERABLE MONEY!

MODERN COMICS

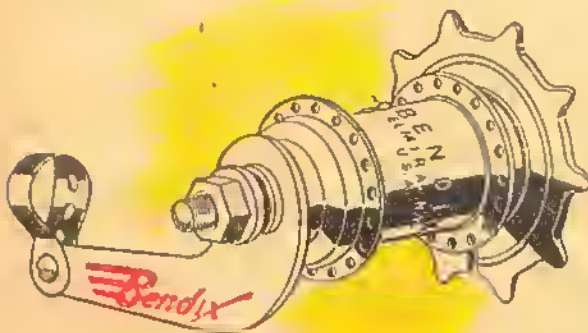




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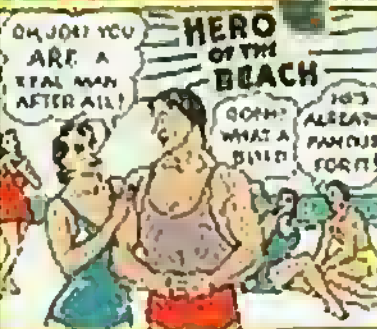
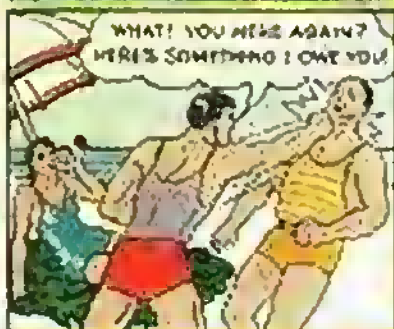
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ELMIRA, NEW YORK

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